

STANDARD CLASSIC READERS

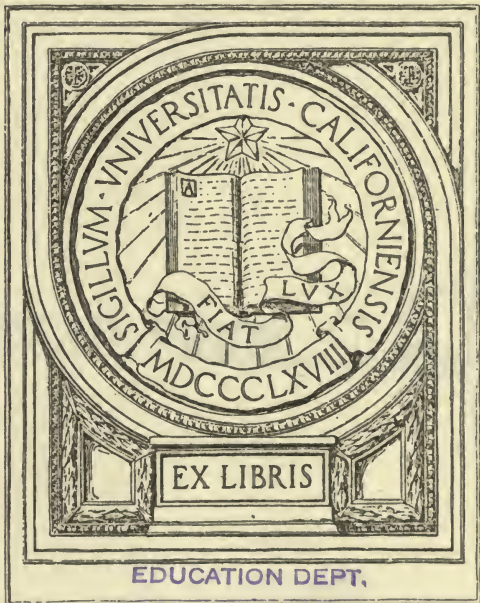
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BOOK II

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R.D. LINQUIST



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STANDARD CLASSIC READER

BOOK TWO

For Sixth Grade

- Part I Literature
Part II Dramatic Reading
Part III Memory Gems
-

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Gift

R. D. LINQUIST

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FOREWORD

The Standard Classic Reader, Book Two, is the second of a series of four Classic Readers carefully compiled, edited and annotated, for use in the Grammar or upper grades of the Common Schools.

Like its predecessor, Book One, it is arranged in parts, grouping the selections under the heads of Literature, Dramatic Readings and Memory Gems.

The selections of Book Two are especially adapted for Sixth Year pupils. They provide appropriate classical selections from among a wide range of titles and give to the pupils a pleasant acquaintance with our best American and English writers.

The selections chosen are accompanied by succinct yet complete biographical sketches of the authors, and notes upon each classic, which are discriminating and helpful, but not technical.

Books Three and Four will present classics of an advanced type and will fully justify their issue by meeting satisfactorily the need for classics, prose and poetical, in the seventh and eighth grades of the Common Schools.



CONTENTS

PART I

The King of the Golden River.....	<i>John Ruskin</i>	7
Jackanapes	<i>Juliana H. Ewing</i> ..	37
The Voice of Spring	<i>Mary Howitt</i>	72
Under the Greenwood Tree ...	<i>Shakespeare</i>	73
Abou Ben Adhem	<i>Leigh Hunt</i>	74
The Song of Hiawatha	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> ..	75
Charge of the Light Brigade.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	245
The Blue and the Gray	<i>Francis M. Finch</i> ..	248
The Death of the Flowers.....	<i>W. C. Bryant</i>	251
America	<i>Samuel F. Smith</i> ...	254
To a Skylark	<i>Percy B. Shelley</i> ...	256
The Brook	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	261
The Old Oaken Bucket.....	<i>Samuel Woodworth</i> ..	263
Story of David and Jonathan ..	<i>Myles Endicott</i>	265
The Siege of Troy	<i>Mara L. Pratt</i>	283
The Adventures of Ulysses	<i>Mara L. Pratt</i>	293
King Bruce and the Spider	<i>Eliza Cook</i>	308
King Canute	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i> ..	311

PART II

Theseus.....	<i>Grace D. McCarthy</i> .	317
Story of Circe	<i>Grace D. McCarthy</i> ..	327
The Miraculous Pitcher.....	<i>Grace D. McCarthy</i> ..	331
A Christmas Carol	<i>Lena Southard</i>	340
Joan of Arc	<i>Mary A. Laselle</i>	367
Courtship of Miles Standish		372

PART III

Memory Gems.....		383
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STANDARD CLASSIC READER

Book Two

PART I LITERATURE

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR, THE BLACK BROTHERS

JOHN RUSKIN

John Ruskin, an English writer and art critic, was born in England in 1819. While a student at Oxford University he was the winner of a prize given for English poetry, and "The King of the Golden River" was also written while he was in college. Among his writings on the subject of art are "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice." He has written many other works, one of them, "Sesame and Lilies," being two essays on books and reading, the first addressed to young men, the second to young women.

CHAPTER I

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbor-

hood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn
5 so constantly to the snowy hills that in time of drought and heat when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a
10 marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging
15 eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied that they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were.

They killed everything that did not pay for its eating.
20 They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants
25 without any wages till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out-of-doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally con-
30 trived to keep their own corn by them until it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes;
35 and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to

receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers; or, rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit — when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates — occasionally getting what was left upon them by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard or notice. It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or com-

fortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody
5 else has got so much as a dry piece of bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up — more like a puff than a knock.

10 "It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the con-
15 sequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and
20 might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt
25 color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet high. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is
30 now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times
35 his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round
5 to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in."

10 To do the little gentleman justice he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

15 "I beg pardon, sir!" said Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing.

20 What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

25 Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel that it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring and throwing long bright tongues by the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the
30 leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the
35 house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

10 The old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down
15 again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was there such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

20 "I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

25 "Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but — really, sir — you're — putting the fire out."

30 "It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest, it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another
35 five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

10 "That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the 15 hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's 20 face. "Ay! what for indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational blow on the ear as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

52 "Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

30 "I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

35 The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at

the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

10 "I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz.

"We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making
15 it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs!" They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep
20 you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such
25 red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

30 "Pray, gentlemen!"

"Off and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell in the corner on top of it. Then
35 Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to

turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

5 Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction, continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his
10 corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

15 "If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened out of the corner — but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window at the same instant a wreath of ragged
20 cloud that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. 'Gluck!'" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir! If ever I catch you at
25 such a trick again — bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going
30 to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir, and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you!"

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard,
35 and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission! The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double-bar the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. 5 As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door broke open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What 's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

10 The two brothers sat up on their bolsters and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by the misty moonbeam which found its way through a hole in the shutter they could see in the midst of it an immense foam globe, spinning round and bobbing up and down like a cork, 15 on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically.

"I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had 20 better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You 'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentle- 25 man called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit!"

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley 30 was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-stricken into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every 35 movable thing had been swept away, and there was left

only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:



CHAPTER II

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans,

as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired
5 a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money
10 in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was fond of and would not have parted with for the world, though he never
15 drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very old mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into and mixed with, a beard of whiskers of the same exquisite
20 workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the
25 side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting
30 pot, and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling
35 eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no

wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct
5 view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple
10 with the sunset, and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the
15 wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice
20 close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room and under the table and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at
25 the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He
30 looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking that there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now, very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words,
35 only a soft, running, effervescent melody, something like

that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded nearer the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in; yes, he saw right — it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace but out of the pot. He uncovered it and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room with his hands up and his mouth open for a minute or two, when the singing stopped and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

15 "Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface was as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

25 "Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out!"

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say!" said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

30 "*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out first 35 a pair of little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair

of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

5 "That 's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together; while Gluck stood con-
10 templating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground in waving curls
15 so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very
20 pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he fixed his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two.

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

25 This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observation out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute
30 the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively, "no, it would n't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his eyes,
35 and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the

room, lifting his legs very high and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his great amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height.

"I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River."

Whereupon he turned about again and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well!" said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, without deigning to reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you! Whoever shall climb to the top of the mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one, failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the hottest flame of the furnace.

His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling — a blaze of intense light — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

“Oh!” cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney 5 after him. “Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!”

CHAPTER III

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Schwartz and Hans came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. 10 The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck beating him very steadily for half an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs and requested to know what he had to say for himself. 15 Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again till their arms were tired, and then staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained for him some degree of credence; the immediate 20 consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding that they could not pacify the combatants, sent for 25 the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should 30 pay.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How

to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give holy water to so abandoned a creature. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars and looking very disconsolate!

“Good-morning, brother,” said Hans. “Have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and, advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz’s face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains — their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rocks, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and far above all these, fainter than the morning

cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on surmounting them to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life.

The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about their outlines — a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ear grew dull and his head dizzy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him and fell

thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking
10 off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice he resumed his laborious journey.

His way lay straight up a ridge of bare rocks, without a
15 blade of grass to relieve the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense heat was soon added to the bodily fatigue
20 with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips, when his
25 eye fell on an object on the rock beside him. He thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the
30 bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment;
35 and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to

throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cata-
racts sounded like mockery in his ear; they were all distant,
and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed,
and again he looked down to the flask at his side: it was half
5 empty, but there was much more than three drops in it.
He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something
moved in the path before him. It was a fair child
stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with
thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning.
10 Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a
dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like
shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled
on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring
no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon
15 his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cat-
aract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely
five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to
breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and
20 saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes
were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an ex-
pression of despair. "Water!" He stretched his arms to
Hans and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share
25 of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on.
And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east shaped like
a sword. It shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it
dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was
setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

30 The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He
stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its
waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they
shook the crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody
light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier
35 and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the

prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry, and the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE

CHAPTER IV

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously, alone in the house, for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison
10 all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must have certainly been turned into a black stone; he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house nor any
15 money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite
20 pleased, and said that he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might
25 not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his
30 brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier,

and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz
5 climbed the steep rock path the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't enough for myself,"
10 and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams became dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path,
15 and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade before his eyes, and he looked up, and behold, a mist of the color of blood had
20 come over the sun, and the bank of the black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling, like the waves of an angry sea; and they cast long shadows which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his
25 thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him; and as he gazed the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha!" laughed Schwartz; "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water,
30 indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you!" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And when he had gone a few yards farther he looked back, but the figure was not there.

35 And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not

why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, 5 over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its 10 waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And as he did so the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And 15 the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES

CHAPTER V

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and he did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again 20 to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money. So after a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black 25 stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck put some bread into his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his 30 brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither

so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff.

10 "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water!" Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only, pray, don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

20 Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks — bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that
35 Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath — just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed except in his first attempt," and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it 'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it now." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King, and his gold too!" said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on his hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right — for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir — your Majesty, I mean — they got the water out of the church font."

“Very probably,” replied the dwarf; “but,” and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, “the water which has been refused to the weary and the dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.”

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. “Cast these into the river,” he said, “and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed!”

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air — the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened, where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because the river not only was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains towards the Treasure Valley; and as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new

streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening
5 shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became
10 full of corn and his house of treasure. And for him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into
15 the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen TWO BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mourn-
fully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called
20 by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS

NOTES

(The figures refer to page and line)

7: 1 *Styria*. A grand duchy belonging to the Austria-Hungarian Empire. It lies between Austria and Hungary, and is a mountainous country, crossed by the Alps. The fields and orchards of Styria yield bountiful crops, the raising of livestock and the dairying industry are extensively carried on, and there are many mineral products.

7: 2 *Luxuriant*. Abundant.

8: 21 *Hedgehogs*. Small animals having the back covered with sharp, strong spines or bristles about an inch long.

8: 23 *Cicadas*. Locusts; insects popularly known as grasshoppers.

9: 20 *Inundation*. A flood.

9: 26 *Maledictions*. Curses.

10: 13 *Astounding*. Astonishing; surprising.

10: 21 *Refractory*. Stubborn; obstinate; difficult to manage.

10: 27 *Altitude*. Height.

10: 28 *Doublet*. A coat worn by men from the end of the fifteenth to about the middle of the seventeenth century.

11: 4 *Concerto*. A piece of music composed for two or more solo instruments of the same or different kinds.

11: 13 *Waistcoat*. A man's garment; a vest.

11: 21 *Petulantly*. Rudely impatient; crossly.

11: 29 *Savory*. Having a flavor; pleasant to the taste and smell.

12: 11 *Hob*. A shelf at the side of the fireplace on which things were placed for keeping warm.

12: 34 *Meditatively*. Thoughtfully.

13: 27 *Velocity*. Swiftly.

13: 33 *Deprecatingly*. Pleadingly.

14: 1 *Interposed*. Placed between.

16: 18 *Incommode*. To cause trouble or inconvenience.

16: 18 *Ironically*. Speaking in a manner so as to express one thing while meaning another; making fun of.

16: 22 *Admonition*. Advice; caution.

17: 4 *Momentous*. Very important.

17: 7 *Effectually*. So as to secure the end desired; thoroughly.

17: 13 *Adverse*. Contrary.

- 17: 14 *Patrimony*. Property inherited from one's ancestors.
- 18: 25 *Averred*. Said in a convincing way.
- 18: 35 *Malicious*. Wicked; spiteful.
- 19: 14 *Alternately*. In turn; one after the other.
- 19: 35 *Effervescent*. Bubbling and hissing.
- 20: 17 *Crucible*. A melting-pot; used for melting metals, ores, etc.
- 21: 1 *Akimbo*. ("In keen bow," in a sharp bend.) The arms are akimbo when the hands are on the hips and the elbows are bent outward.
- 21: 8 *Ascertaining*. Finding out.
- 21: 9 *Contemplating*. Looking at; considering.
- 21: 12 *Prismatic*. Rainbow colors made by a prism.
- 21: 21 *Pertinacious*. Persistent; obstinate.
- 21: 21 *Intractable*. Hard to manage.
- 21: 30 *Dictum*. Something said positively.
- 22: 14 *Consternation*. Surprise combined with fright.
- 22: 15 *Auditor*. Hearer; one who listens to what is said.
- 23: 8 *Exit*. Departure; going out.
- 23: 18 *Adhered*. Stuck to.
- 23: 19 *Credence*. Belief, credit.
- 24: 9 *Alpine staff*. A long, stout stick used in climbing the Alps.
- 24: 31 *Castellated*. Like a castle.
- 25: 6 *Undulating*. Waving; moving in waves.
- 25: 9 *Traverse*. To cross in traveling.
- 25: 13 *Glacier*. A field of ice. Glaciers are formed at the foot of lofty mountains on whose tops the snow never melts. The masses of ice are pushed by the snow down the sides of the mountains out into the valleys.
- 25: 20 *Monotonous*. In the same tone; unchanging in sound.
- 25: 27 *Perpetual*. Everlasting.
- 25: 29 *Lurid*. Pale; having a ghastly glare.
- 25: 30 *Pinnacles*. Sharp points or peaks; the topmost points of mountains.
- 26: 8 *Incumbrance*. Burden; hindrance.
- 26: 11 *Recruited*. Refreshed.
- 26: 12 *Indomitable*. That cannot be conquered or subdued.
- 26: 31 *Spurned*. Pushed aside.
- 27: 28 *Impenetrable*. That cannot be pierced.
- 32: 2 *Intolerable*. Unbearable.
- 32: 24 *Manifest*. Plain.

JACKANAPES

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

Juliana Horatia Ewing was born at Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, England, in 1842. Her father was the Rev. Alfred Gatty, and her mother was a well-known writer of children's stories. Even as a child, Juliana was a great story teller, and when only twenty published her first stories in a magazine. In 1867, she was married to Major Alexander Ewing, and while traveling about with him from one army post to another, she wrote several soldier stories. "Jackanapes," the story that made her famous, was begun in 1879, and during the last years of her life two of her best stories were written, "Daddy Darwin's Dovecote," and "The Story of a Short Life." The book proofs of the latter story were corrected only a few days before her death, which occurred May 13, 1885.

CHAPTER I

5 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent.

10 Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one would I select from that proud throng.— *Byron*

15 Two Donkeys and the Geese lived on the Green, and all other residents of any social standing lived in houses round it. The houses had no names. Everybody's address was "The Green," but the Postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived. As to the rest of the world, what

has one to do with the rest of the world when he is safe at home on his own Goose Green? Moreover, if a stranger did come on any lawful business, he might ask his way at the shop.

Most of the inhabitants were long-lived, early deaths (like
5 that of the little Miss Jessamine) being exceptional; and most of the old people were proud of their age, especially the sexton, who would be ninety-nine come Martinmas, and whose father remembered a man who had carried arrows, as a boy, for the battle of Flodden Field. The Gray Goose
10 and the big Miss Jessamine were the only elderly persons who kept their ages secret. Indeed, Miss Jessamine never mentioned any one's age, or recalled the exact year in which anything had happened. She said that she had been taught that it was bad manners to do so "in a mixed assembly."

15 The Gray Goose also avoided dates; but this was partly because her brain, though intelligent, was not mathematical, and computation was beyond her. She never got farther than "last Michaelmas," "the Michaelmas before that," and "the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas before that." After
20 this her head, which was small, became confused, and she said, "Ga, ga!" and changed the subject.

But she remembered the little Miss Jessamine, the Miss Jessamine with the "conspicuous" hair. Her aunt, the big Miss Jessamine, said it was her only fault. The hair was
25 clean, was abundant, was glossy; but do what you would with it, it never looked quite like other people. And at church after Saturday night's wash, it shone like the best brass fender after a spring cleaning. In short, it was conspicuous, which does not become a young woman, especially in church.

30 Those were worrying times altogether, and the Green was used for strange purposes. A political meeting was held on it with the village Cobbler in the chair, and a speaker who came by stage-coach from the town, where they had wrecked the bakers' shops, and discussed the price of bread. He
35 came a second time by stage; but the people had heard some-

thing about him in the meanwhile, and they did not keep him on the Green. They took him to the pond and tried to make him swim, which he could not do, and the whole affair was very disturbing to all quiet and peaceable fowls.

5 After which another man came, and preached sermons on the Green, and a great many people went to hear him; for those were "trying times," and folk ran hither and thither for comfort. And then what did they do but drill the ploughboys on the Green, to get them ready to fight the
10 French, and teach them the goose-step! However, that came to an end at last; for Bony was sent to St. Helena, and the ploughboys were sent back to the plough.

Everybody lived in fear of Bony in those days, especially the naughty children, who were kept in order during the day
15 by threats of "Bony shall have you," and who had nightmares about him in the dark. They thought he was an Ogre in a cocked hat. The Gray Goose thought he was a Fox, and that all the men of England were going out in red coats to hunt him. It was no use to argue the point; for she
20 had a very small head, and when one idea got into it there was no room for another.

Besides, the Gray Goose never saw Bony, nor did the children, which rather spoilt the terror of him, so that the Black Captain became more effective as a Bogy with hard-
25 ened offenders. The Gray Goose remembered *his* coming to the place perfectly. What he came for she did not pretend to know. It was all part and parcel of the war and bad times.

He was called the Black Captain, partly because of himself and partly because of his wonderful black mare. Strange
30 stories were afloat of how far and how fast that mare could go when her master's hand was on her mane and he whispered in her ear. Indeed, some people thought we might reckon ourselves very lucky if we were not out of the frying-pan into the fire, and had not got a certain well-known Gentleman of
35 the Road to protect us against the French. But that, of

course, made him none the less useful to the Johnson's Nurse when the little Miss Johnsons were naughty.

"You leave off crying this minnit, Miss Jane, or I'll give you right away to that horrid wicked officer. Jemima! 5 just look out o' the windy, if you please, and see if the Black Cap'n's a-coming with his horse to carry away Miss Jane."

And there, sure enough, the Black Captain strode by, with his sword clattering as if it did not know whose head to cut off first. But he did not call for Miss Jane that time. 10 He went on to the Green, where he came so suddenly upon the eldest Master Johnson, sitting in a puddle on purpose, in his new nankeen skeleton suit, that the young gentleman thought judgment had overtaken him at last, and abandoned himself to the howlings of despair. His howls were re- 15 doubled when he was clutched from behind and swung over the Black Captain's shoulder; but in five minutes his tears were dried, and he was playing with the officer's accoutrements.

All of which the Gray Goose saw with her own eyes, and 20 heard afterwards that that bad boy had been whining to go back to the Black Captain ever since, which showed how hardened he was, and that nobody but Bonaparte himself could be expected to do him any good.

But those were "trying times." It was bad enough when 25 the most troublesome child of a large and respectable family cried for the Black Captain; when it came to the little Miss Jessamine crying for him, one felt that the sooner the French landed and had done with it, the better.

The big Miss Jessamine's objection to him was that he was 30 a soldier; and this prejudice was shared by all the Green. "A soldier," as the speaker from the town had observed, "is a blood-thirsty, unsettled sort of a rascal, that the peaceable, home-loving, bread-winning citizen can never conscientiously look on as a brother till he has beaten his sword into a plough- 35 share and his spear into a pruning-hook."

On the other hand, there was some truth in what the Postman (an old soldier) said in reply — that the sword has to cut a way for us out of many a scrape into which our bread-winners get us when they drive their ploughshares into fallows that don't belong to them.

Indeed, whilst our most peaceful citizens were prosperous chiefly by means of cotton, of sugar, and of the rise and fall of the money-market (not to speak of such saleable matters as opium, fire-arms and "black ivory") disturbances were apt to arise in India, Africa, and other outlandish parts, where the fathers of our domestic race were making fortunes for their families. And for that matter, even on the Green, we did not wish the military to leave us in the lurch, so long as there was any fear that the French were coming.

To let the Black Captain have little Miss Jessamine, however, was another matter. Her aunt would not hear of it; and then, to crown all, it appeared that the Captain's father did not think the young lady good enough for his son. Never was any affair more clearly brought to a conclusion.

But those were "trying times"; and one moonlight night, when the Gray Goose was sound asleep upon one leg, the Green was rudely shaken under her by the thud of a horse's feet. "Ga, ga!" said she, putting down the other leg and running away.

By the time she returned to her place not a thing was to be seen or heard. The horse had passed like a shot. But next day there was hurrying and scurrying and cackling at a very early hour, all about the white house with the black beams, where Miss Jessamine lived.

And when the sun was so low and the shadows so long on the grass that the Gray Goose felt ready to run away at the sight of her own neck, little Miss Jane Johnson and her "particular friend" Clarinda sat under the big oak tree on the Green, and Jane pinched Clarinda's little finger till she found that she could keep a secret, and then she told her in confi-

dence that she had heard from Nurse and Jemima that Miss Jessamine's niece had been a very naughty girl, and that that horrid wicked officer had come for her on his black horse and carried her right away.

5 "Will she never come back?" asked Clarinda.

"Oh, no!" said Jane, decidedly. "Bony never brings people back."

"Not never no more?" sobbed Clarinda, for she was weak-minded, and could not bear to think that Bony never, never
10 let naughty people go home again.

Next day Jane had heard more.

"He has taken her to a Green."

"A Goose Green?" asked Clarinda.

"No. A Gretna Green. Don't ask so many questions,
15 child," said Jane, who, having no more to tell, gave herself airs.

Jane was wrong on one point. Miss Jessamine's niece did come back, and she and her husband were forgiven. The Gray Goose remembered it well; it was Michaelmas-tide, the
20 Michaelmas before the Michaelmas before the Michaelmas — but, ga, ga! What does the date matter? It was autumn, harvest time, and everybody was so busy prophesying and praying about the crops, that the young people wandered through the lanes, and got blackberries for Miss Jessamine's
25 celebrated crab and blackberry jam, and decked themselves with bryony-wreaths, and not a soul troubled his head about them, except the children and the Postman.

The children dogged the Black Captain's footsteps (his bubble reputation as an Ogre having burst) clamoring for a
30 ride on the black mare. And the Postman would go somewhat out of his postal way to catch the Captain's dark eye, and show that he had not forgotten how to salute an officer.

But they were "trying times." One afternoon the black mare was stepping gently up and down the grass, with her
35 head at her master's shoulder, and as many children crowded

on to her silky back as if she had been an elephant in a menagerie; and the next afternoon she carried him away, sword and *sabre-tache* clattering war music at her side, and the old Postman waiting for them, rigid with salutation, at the four cross-roads.

War and bad times! It was a hard winter; and the big Miss Jessamine and the little Miss Jessamine (but she was Mrs. Black-Captain now) lived very economically, that they might help their poorer neighbors. They neither entertained nor went into company; but the young lady always went up the village as far as the *George and Dragon*, for air and exercise, when the London Mail came in.

One day (it was a day in the following June) it came in earlier than usual, and the young lady was not there to meet it.

But a crowd soon gathered round the *George and Dragon*, gaping to see the Mail Coach dressed with flowers and oak-leaves, and the guard wearing a laurel wreath over and above his royal livery. The ribbons that decked the horses were stained and flecked with the warmth and foam of the pace at which they had come, for they had pressed on with the news of Victory.

Miss Jessamine was sitting with her niece under the oak tree on the Green, when the Postman put a newspaper silently into her hand. Her niece turned quickly —

“Is there news?”

“Don’t agitate yourself, my dear,” said her aunt. “I will read it aloud, and then we can enjoy it together; a far more comfortable method, my love, than when you go up the village, and come home out of breath, having snatched half the news as you run.”

“I am all attention, dear aunt,” said the little lady, clasping her hands tightly on her lap.

Then Miss Jessamine read aloud — she was proud of her reading — and the old soldier stood at attention behind her,

with such a blending of pride and pity on his face as it was strange to see —

“DOWNING STREET,

June 22, 1815, 1 A.M.”

5 “That’s one in the morning,” gasped the Postman; “beg your pardon, mum.”

But though he apologized, he could not refrain from echoing here and there a weighty word: “Glorious victory” — “Two hundred pieces of artillery” — “Immense quantity
10 of ammunition” — and so forth.

“The loss of the British Army upon this occasion has unfortunately been most severe. It had not been possible to make out a return of the killed and wounded when Major Percy left headquarters. The names of the officers killed and wounded, as far as they can be collected, are
15 annexed.

“I have the honor —”

“The list, aunt! Read the list!”

“My love — my darling — let us go in and —”

“No. Now! now!”

20 To one thing the supremely afflicted are entitled in their sorrow — to be obeyed; and yet it is the last kindness that people commonly will do them. But Miss Jessamine did. Steadying her voice, as best she might, she read on; and the old soldier stood bareheaded to hear that first Roll of the
25 Dead at Waterloo, which began with the Duke of Brunswick and ended with Ensign Brown. Five-and-thirty British Captains fell asleep that day on the Bed of Honor, and the Black Captain slept among them.

There are killed and wounded by war, of whom no returns
30 reach the government:

Three days later, the Captain’s wife had joined him, and Miss Jessamine was kneeling by the cradle of their orphan

son, a purple-red morsel of humanity, with conspicuously golden hair.

"Will he live, Doctor?"

"Live? Bless my soul, ma'am! Look at him! The
5 young Jackanapes!"

CHAPTER II

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old Nurse.— *Longfellow*

The Gray Goose remembered quite well the year that Jackanapes began to walk, for it was the year that the
10 speckled hen for the first time in all her motherly life got out of patience when she was sitting. She had been rather proud of the eggs — they were unusually large — but she never felt quite comfortable on them; and whether it was because she used to get cramp and go off the nest, or because the
15 season was bad, or what, she never could tell; but every egg was bad but one, and the one that did hatch gave her more trouble than any chick she had ever reared.

It was a fine, downy, bright yellow little thing, but it had a monstrous big nose and feet, and such an ungainly walk
20 as she knew no other instance of in her well-bred and high-stepping family. And as to behavior, it was not that it was either quarrelsome or moping, but simply unlike the rest. When the other chicks hopped and cheeped on the Green about their mother's feet this solitary yellow one went wad-
25 dling off on its own responsibility, and do or cluck what the speckled hen would, it went to play in the pond.

It was off one day as usual, and the hen was fussing and fuming after it, when the Postman, going to deliver a letter at Miss Jessamine's door, was nearly knocked over by the
30 good lady herself, who, bursting out of the house with her

cap just off and her bonnet just not on, fell into his arms, crying —

“Baby! Baby! Jackanapes! Jackanapes!”

If the Postman loved anything on earth, he loved the Captain's yellow-haired child; so, propping Miss Jessamine against her own doorpost, he followed the direction of her trembling fingers and made for the Green.

Jackanapes had had the start of the Postman by nearly ten minutes. The world — the round, green world with an
10 oak tree on it — was just becoming very interesting to him. He had tried, vigorously but ineffectually, to mount a passing pig the last time he was taken out walking; but then he was encumbered with a nurse.

Now he was his own master, and might, by courage and
15 energy, become the master of that delightful downy, dumpy, yellow thing that was bobbing along over the green grass in front of him.

Forward! Charge!

He aimed well, and grabbed it, but only to feel the delicious
20 downiness and dumpiness slipping through his fingers as he fell upon his face.

“Quawk!” said the yellow thing, and wobbled off sideways.

It was this oblique movement that enabled Jackanapes to
25 come up with it, for it was bound for the pond, and therefore obliged to come back into line. He failed again from top-heaviness, and his prey escaped sideways as before, and, as before, lost ground in getting back to the direct road to the Pond.

30 And at the Pond the Postman found them both — one yellow thing rocking safely on the ripples that lie beyond duck-weed and the other washing his draggled frock with tears because he too had tried to sit upon the Pond and it wouldn't hold him.

CHAPTER III

If studious, copie fair what time hath blurr'd,
 Redeem truth from his jawes: if souldier,
 Chase brave employments with a naked sword
 Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
 If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

In brief, acquit thee bravely: play the man.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Defer not the least vertue: life's poore span
 Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
 If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains.
 If well: the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

— *George Herbert*

Young Mrs. Johnson, who was a mother of many, hardly knew which to pity more — Miss Jessamine for having her
 15 little ways and her antimacassars rumpled by a young Jackanapes, or the boy himself for being brought up by an old maid.

Oddly enough, she would probably have pitied neither had Jackanapes been a girl. (One is so apt to think that what
 20 works smoothest, works to the highest ends, having no patience for the results of friction.) That Father in God who bade the young men to be pure and the maidens brave, greatly disturbed a member of his congregation, who thought that the great preacher had made a slip of the tongue.

25 "That the girls should have purity, and the boys courage, is what you would say, good Father?"

"Nature has done that," was the reply; "I meant what I said."

Indeed, a young maid is all the better for learning some
 30 robuster virtues than maidenliness and not to move the antimacassars; and the robuster virtues require some fresh air and freedom. As, on the other hand, Jackanapes (who had a boy's full share of the little beast and the young monkey in

his natural composition) was none the worse, at his tender years, for learning some maidenliness — so far as maidenliness means decency, pity, unselfishness and pretty behavior.

And it is due to him to say that he was an obedient boy, 5 and a boy whose word could be depended on, long before his grandfather the General came to live at the Green.

He was obedient; that is, he did what his great-aunt told him. But — oh dear! oh dear! — the pranks he played, which it had never entered into her head to forbid!

10 It was when he had just been put into trousers (frocks never suited him) that he became very friendly with Master Tony Johnson, a younger brother of the young gentleman who sat in the puddle on purpose. Tony was not enterprising, and Jackanapes led him by the nose. One summer's evening 15 they were out late, and Miss Jessamine was becoming anxious, when Jackanapes presented himself with a ghastly face all besmirched with tears. He was unusually subdued.

"I'm afraid," he sobbed — "if you please, I'm very much afraid that Tony Johnson's dying in the churchyard."

20 Miss Jessamine was just beginning to be distracted, when she smelt Jackanapes.

"You naughty, naughty boys! Do you mean to tell me that you've been smoking?"

"Not pipes," urged Jackanapes; "upon my honor, aunty, 25 not pipes. Only cigars like Mr. Johnson's! and only made of brown paper with a very, very little tobacco from the shop inside them."

Whereupon Miss Jessamine sent a servant to the churchyard, who found Tony Johnston lying on a tombstone, very 30 sick, and having ceased to entertain any hopes of his own recovery.

If it could be possible that any "unpleasantness" could arise between two such amiable neighbors as Miss Jessamine and Mrs. Johnson, and if the still more incredible paradox 35 can be that ladies may differ over a point on which they

are agreed, that point was the admitted fact that Tony Johnson was "delicate"; and the difference lay chiefly in this:

Mrs. Johnson said that Tony was delicate — meaning that he was more finely strung, more sensitive, a properer subject
5 for pampering and petting, than Jackanapes, and that, consequently, Jackanapes was to blame for leading Tony into scrapes which resulted in his being chilled, frightened, or (most frequently) sick.

But when Miss Jessamine said that Tony Johnson was
10 delicate, she meant that he was more puling, less manly, and less healthily brought up than Jackanapes, who, when they got into mischief together, was certainly not to blame because his friend could not get wet, sit a kicking donkey, ride in the merry-go-round, bear the noise of a cracker, or smoke brown
15 paper with impunity, as he could.

Not that there was ever the slightest quarrel between the ladies. It never even came near it, except the day after Tony had been so very sick with riding Bucephalus in the merry-go-round.

20 Mrs. Johnson had explained to Miss Jessamine that the reason Tony was so easily upset was the unusual sensitiveness (as a doctor had explained it to her) of the nervous centres in her family — "Fiddlestick!" So Mrs. Johnson understood Miss Jessamine to say; but it appeared that she only
25 said "Treaclestick!" which is quite another thing, and of which Tony was undoubtedly fond.

It was at the Fair that Tony was made ill by riding on Bucephalus. Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival. First of all, carts and caravans were rumbling
30 up all along, day and night.

Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed, and could hardly sleep for speculating what booths and whirligigs he should find fairly established when he and his dog Spitfire went out after breakfast. As a matter of fact, he seldom had
35 to wait so long for news of the Fair. The Postman knew the

window out of which Jackanapes' yellow head would come, and was ready with his report.

"Royal Theayter, Master Jackanapes, in the old place, but be careful o' them seats, sir; they're ricketier than ever.

5 Two sweets and a ginger beer under the oak tree, and the Flying Boats is just a-coming along the road."

No doubt it was partly because he had already suffered severely in the Flying Boats that Tony collapsed so quickly in the merry-go-round. He only mounted Bucephalus (who
10 was spotted, and had no tail) because Jackanapes urged him, and held out the ingenious hope that the round-and-round feeling would very likely cure the up-and-down sensation. It did not, however, and Tony tumbled off during the first revolution.

15 Jackanapes was not absolutely free from qualms; but having once mounted the Black Prince, he stuck to him as a horseman should. During his first round he waved his hat, and observed with some concern that the Black Prince had lost an ear since last Fair; at the second, he looked a little
20 pale, but sat upright, though somewhat unnecessarily rigid; at the third round he shut his eyes.

During the fourth his hat fell off, and he clasped his horse's neck. By the fifth he had laid his yellow head against the Black Prince's mane, so clung anyhow till the hobby horses
25 stopped, when the proprietor assisted him to alight, and he sat down rather suddenly and said he had enjoyed it very much.

The Gray Goose always ran away at the first approach of the caravans, and never came back to the Green till there was nothing left of the Fair but footmarks and oyster-shells. Run-
30 ning away was her pet principle; the only system, she maintained, by which you can live long and easily and lose nothing.

If you run away when you see danger, you can come back when all is safe. Run quickly, return slowly, hold your head high, and gabble as loud as you can, and you'll preserve the
35 respect of the Goose Green to a peaceful old age.

Why should you struggle and get hurt, if you can lower your head and not swerve, and not lose a feather? Why in the world should any one spoil the pleasure of life, or risk his skin, if he can help it?

5 “‘What’s the use?’
 Said the Goose.”

Before answering which, one might have to consider what world, which life, and whether his skin were a goose-skin; but the Gray Goose’s head would never have held all that.

10 Grass soon grows over footprints, and the village children took the oyster-shells to trim their gardens with; but the year after Tony rode Bucephalus there lingered another relic of Fair-time in which Jackanapes was deeply interested.

“The Green” proper was originally only part of a strag-
15 gling common, which in its turn merged into some wilder waste land where gypsies sometimes squatted if the authorities would allow them, especially after the annual Fair. And it was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gypsy’s son riding the Gypsy’s
20 red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sun-
25 shine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The Gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

30 “Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman, and swing us all on the gallows, you rascal?” screamed the Gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired
5 pony, as he had stuck to the hobby-horse; but, oh, how different the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony so unceremoniously that with as little ceremony Jackanapes
10 clung to his neck; and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

15 "Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the Gypsy boy led Lollo away.

20 At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gypsy father, smoking a dirty pipe.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

25 "He's a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the Gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again. That very afternoon he and
30 Tony rode the two donkeys; and Tony managed to get thrown, and even Jackanapes' donkey kicked. But it was jolting, clumsy work after the elastic swiftness and the dainty mischief of the red-haired pony.

A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to
35 Jackanapes. She was a good deal agitated as she told him

that his grandfather the General was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit. If it had been feasible to leave off calling him Jackanapes and to get used to his baptismal name of Theodore 5 before the day after to-morrow (when the General was due), it would have been satisfactory.

But Miss Jessamine feared it would be impossible in practice, and she had scruples about it on principle. It would not seem quite truthful, although she had always most fully 10 intended that he should be called Theodore when he had outgrown the ridiculous appropriateness of his nickname. The fact was that he had not outgrown it, but he must take care to remember who was meant when his grandfather said Theodore.

15 Indeed, for that matter, he must take care all along.

"You are apt to be giddy, Jackanapes," said Miss Jessamine.

"Yes, aunt," said Jackanapes, thinking of the hobby-horses.

20 "You are a good boy, Jackanapes. Thank God, I can tell your grandfather that. An obedient boy, an honorable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are — in short, you *are* a Boy, Jackanapes. And I hope," added Miss Jessamine, desperate with the result of experience, "that the General 25 knows that Boys will be Boys."

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, to look over his catechism, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep that hair of his smooth ("It's the wind 30 that blows it, aunty," said Jackanapes — "I'll send by the coach for some bear's-grease," said Miss Jessamine, tying a knot in her pocket-handkerchief) — not to burst in at the parlor door, not to talk at the top of his voice, not to crumple his Sunday frill, and to sit quiet during the sermon, to be sure 35 to say "sir" to the General, to be careful about rubbing his

shoes on the doormat and to bring his lesson-books to his aunt at once that she might iron down the dog's ears.

The General arrived; and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes' hair was as wild as usual, for the hair-dresser had no bear's grease left. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him, as he did with the Postman.

All that the General felt, it would take too long to tell; but the result was the same. He was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"Mons'ous pretty place this," he said, looking out of the lattice on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in Fair-week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop, and leaning back in his one of the two Chippendale arm-chairs in which they sat.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his left eye (the other was glass).

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"That's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling aunty gave me, elevenpence I had saved up, and a penny from the Postman — *sir!*" added Jackanapes with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And how did ye spend it — *sir?*" inquired the General.

Jackanapes spread his ten fingers on the arms of his chair, and shut his eyes that he might count the more conscientiously.

"Watch-stand for aunty, three-pence. Trumpet for myself, two-pence; that's five-pence. Gingernuts for Tony, two-pence, and a mug with a soldier on for the Postman, fourpence; that's elevenpence. Shooting-gallery, a penny; that's a shilling. Merry-go-round, a penny; that's one and a penny. Treating Tony, one and twopence. Flying

Boats (Tony paid for himself), a penny, one and threepence. Shooting-gallery again, one and fourpence; Fat Woman, a penny, one and fivepence. Merry-go-round again, one and sixpence. Shooting-gallery, one and sevenpence. Treating Tony, and then he wouldn't shoot, so I did, one and eightpence. Living Skeleton, a penny — no, Tony treated me, the Living Skeleton doesn't count. Ninepins, a penny, one and ninepence. Mermaid (but when we got inside she was dead), a penny, one and tenpence. Theatre, a penny (Priscilla Partington, or the Green Lane Murder. A beautiful young lady, sir, with pink cheeks and a real pistol); that's one and elevenpence. Ginger beer, a penny (*I was* so thirsty!), two shillings. And then the Shooting-gallery man gave me a turn for nothing, because, he said, I was a real gentleman, and spent my money like a man."

"So you do, sir, so you do!" cried the General. "Indeed, sir, you spent it like a prince. And now I suppose you've not got a penny in your pocket?"

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes. "Two pennies. They are saving up." And Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at Fair-times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his mop.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember, ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds nineteen and — what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"God bless my soul! what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The Gypsy's
5 red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gypsy wants fifteen pounds for
10 him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him. Could you?"

"No — o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did! Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the
15 beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eyes.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

20 "Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson; glad you mentioned it."

25 The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group, which so aroused the innocent curiosity of Mrs. Johnson, as she saw it from one of her upper win-
30 dows, that she and the children took their early promenade rather earlier than usual. The General talked to the Gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

35 "Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

5 How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the Gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman —"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes; and drawing from
10 his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes' hat. His golden hair flew out, an aureole from which his cheeks shone red and distended with trumpeting. Away went Spitfire,
15 mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the rooster, the hens, and the whole family of Johnson. Lucy clung to her mamma, Jane saved Emily by the gathers of her dress, and Tony saved himself by a somersault.

20 The Gray Goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the Gypsy. "You were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light caressing hand; all you
25 want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that dirty fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

The two were sitting in the window again, in the Chippen-
30 dale arm-chairs, the General devouring every line of his grandson's face, with strange spasms crossing his own.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes?"

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

35 The ties of blood were pressing very strongly on the General

himself, and perhaps he thought of Lollo. But love is not bought in a day, even with fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence. Jackanapes answered quite readily, "The Postman."

5 "Why the Postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be soldier, too."

10 "So you shall my boy; so you shall."

"Thank you, grandfather. Auntie doesn't want me to be a soldier, for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt
15 if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! I say, do you think my father knew the Gypsy's secret? The Postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

20 "Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little too. I can tell you more about your father than the Postman can."

25 "I do love you," said Jackanapes. "Before you came I was frightened. I'd no idea you were so nice."

"Love me always, boy, whatever I do or leave undone. And — God help me! — whatever you do or leave undone, I'll love you. There shall never be a cloud between us for a
30 day; no, sir, not for an hour. We're imperfect enough, all of us — we needn't be so bitter; and life is uncertain enough at its safest — we needn't waste its opportunities. God bless my soul! Here sit I, after a dozen battles and some of the worst climates in the world, and by yonder lych gate
35 lies your mother, who didn't move five miles, I suppose,

from your aunt's apron-strings — dead in her teens; my golden-haired daughter, whom I never saw!"

Jackanapes was terribly troubled.

"Don't cry, grandfather," he pleaded, his own blue eyes round with tears. "I will love you very much, and I will try to be very good. But I should like to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy; you shall. You've more claims for a commission than you know of. Cavalry, I suppose; eh, ye young Jackanapes? Well, well; if you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country — well, sir, it can but break for you!"

And beating the region which he said was all waistcoats, as if they stifled him, the old man got up and strode out on to the green.

CHAPTER IV

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. — *John* xv., 13.

Twenty and odd years later the Gray Goose was still alive, and in full possession of her faculties, such as they were. She lived slowly and carefully, and she lived long. So did Miss Jessamine; but the General was dead.

He had lived on the Green for many years, during which he and the Postman saluted each other with a carefulness that it almost drilled one to witness. He would have completely spoiled Jackanapes if Miss Jessamine's conscience would have let him; otherwise he was somewhat masterful with his neighbors, and was as positive about parish matters as a ratepayer about the army. A stormy-tempered, tender-hearted soldier, irritable with the suffering of the wounds of which he never spoke, whom all the village followed to his grave with tears.

The General's death was a great shock to Miss Jessamine, and her nephew stayed with her for some little time after the funeral. Then he was obliged to join his regiment, which was ordered abroad.

5 One effect of the conquest which the General had gained over the affections of the village was a considerable abatement of the popular prejudice against "the military." Indeed, the village was now somewhat importantly represented in the army. There was the General himself, and the Post-
10 man, and the Black Captain's tablet in the church, and Jackanapes, and Tony Johnson, and a Trumpeter.

Tony Johnson had no more natural taste for fighting than for riding, but he was as devoted as ever to Jackanapes. And that was how it came about that Mr. Johnson bought him a
15 commission in the same cavalry regiment that the General's grandson (whose commission had been given him by the Iron Duke) was in; and that he was quite content to be the butt of the mess where Jackanapes was the hero; and that when Jackanapes wrote home to Miss Jessamine, Tony wrote
20 with the same purpose to his mother — namely, to demand her congratulations that they were on active service at last and were ordered to the front. And he added a postscript, to the effect that she could have no idea how popular Jackanapes was, nor how splendidly he rode the wonderful red
25 charger which he had named after his old friend Lollo.

"Sound Retire!"

A Boy Trumpeter, grave with the weight of responsibilities and accoutrements beyond his years, and stained so that his own mother would not have known him, with the sweat and
30 dust of battle, did as he was bid; and then, pushing his trumpet pettishly aside, adjusted his weary legs for the hundredth time to the horse which was a world too big for him, and muttering, "'Taint a pretty tune," tried to see something of this his first engagement before it came to an end.

Being literally in the thick of it, he could hardly have seen less or known less of what happened in that particular skirmish if he had been at home in England. For many good reasons — including dust and smoke, and that what attention
5 he dared distract from his commanding officer was pretty well absorbed by keeping his hard-mouthed troop-horse in hand, under pain of execration by his neighbors in the skirmish.

By and by, when the newspapers came out, if he could get
10 a look at one before it was thumbed to bits, he would learn that the enemy had appeared from ambush in overwhelming numbers, and that orders had been given to fall back, which was done slowly and in good order, the men fighting as they retired.

15 Born and bred on the Goose Green, the youngest of Mrs. Johnson's gardener's numerous offspring, the boy had given his family "no peace" till they let him "go for a soldier" with Master Tony and Master Jackanapes. They consented at last, with more tears than they shed when an elder son was
20 sent to jail for poaching; and the boy was perfectly happy in his life, and full of *esprit de corps*. It was this which had been wounded by having to sound retreat for "the young gentlemen's regiment," the first time he served with it before the enemy; and he was also harassed by having completely lost
25 sight of Master Tony.

There had been some hard fighting before the backward movement began, and he had caught sight of him once, but not since. On the other hand, all the pulses of his village pride had been stirred by one or two visions of Master Jackanapes whirling about on his wonderful horse. He had been
30 easy to distinguish, since a chance blow had bared his head without hurting it; for his close golden mop of hair gleamed in the hot sunshine as brightly as the steel of the sword flashing round it.

35 Of the missiles that fell pretty thickly, the Boy Trumpeter

did not take much notice. First, one can't attend to everything, and his hands were full; secondly, one gets used to anything; thirdly, experience soon teaches one, in spite of proverbs, how very few bullets find their billet. Far more
5 unnerving is the mere suspicion of fear or even of anxiety in the human mass around you.

The Boy was beginning to wonder if there were any dark reason for the increasing pressure, and whether they would be allowed to move back more quickly, when the smoke in
10 front lifted for a moment, and he could see the plain, and the enemy's line some two hundred yards away. And across the plain between them, he saw Master Jackanapes galloping alone at the top of Lollo's speed, their faces to the enemy, his golden head at Lollo's ear.

15 But at this moment noise and smoke seemed to burst out on every side; the officer shouted to him to sound *Retire!* and between trumpeting and bumping about on his horse, he saw and heard no more of the incidents of his first battle.

Tony Johnson was always unlucky with horses, from the
20 days of the merry-go-round onwards. On this day — of all days in the year — his own horse was on the sick list, and he had to ride an inferior, ill-conditioned beast, and fell off that, at the very moment when it was a matter of life and death to be able to ride away. The horse fell on him, but
25 struggled up again, and Tony managed to keep hold of it.

It was in trying to remount that he discovered, by helplessness and anguish, that one of his legs was crushed and broken, and that no feat of which he was master would get him into the saddle. Not able even to stand alone, awkwardly, agonizingly, unable to mount his restive horse, his
30 life was yet so strong within him! And on one side of him rolled the dust and cloud-smoke of his advancing foes, and on the other, that which covered his retreating friends.

He turned one piteous gaze after them, with a bitter twinge,
35 not of reproach, but of loneliness; and then, dragging himself

up by the side of his horse, he turned the other way and drew out his pistol, and waited for the end. Whether he waited seconds or minutes he never knew, before someone gripped him by the arm.

5 "*Jackanapes! God bless you!* It's my left leg. If you could get me on —"

It was like Tony's luck that his pistol went off at his horse's tail, and made it plunge; but Jackanapes threw him across the saddle.

10 "Hold on anyhow, and stick your spur in. I'll lead him. Keep your head down; they're firing high."

And Jackanapes laid his head down — to Lollo's ear.

It was when they were fairly off, that a sudden upspring-
ing of the enemy in all directions had made it necessary to
15 change the gradual retirement of our force into as rapid a
retreat as possible. And when Jackanapes became aware
of this, and felt the lagging and swerving of Tony's horse, he
began to wish he had thrown his friend across his own saddle
and left their lives to Lollo.

20 When Tony became aware of it, several things came into
his head; 1 That the dangers of their ride for life were
now more than doubled; 2 That if Jackanapes and Lollo
were not burdened with him they would undoubtedly es-
cape; 3 That Jackanapes' life was infinitely valuable and
25 his — Tony's — was not; 4 That this, if he could seize it,
was the supremest of all the moments in which he had tried
to assume the virtues which Jackanapes had by nature;
and that if he could be courageous and unselfish now —

He caught at his own reins and spoke very loud —

30 "Jackanapes! It won't do. You and Lollo must go on.
Tell the fellows I gave you back to them with all my heart.
Jackanapes, if you love me, leave me!"

There was a daffodil light over the evening sky in front of
them, and it shone strangely on Jackanapes' hair and face.
35 He turned with an odd look in his eyes that a vainer man than

Tony Johnson might have taken for brotherly pride. Then he shook his mop, and laughed at him.

"*Leave you?* To save my skin? No, Tony, not to save my soul!"

CHAPTER V

5 Mr. VALIANT *summoned. His Will. His last Words.*

Then said he, "I am going to my Fathers. . . . My Sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it." . . . And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy Victory?"

10 So he passed over, and all the Trumpets sounded for him on the other side. — *Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress*

Coming out of a hospital tent, at headquarters, the surgeon bumped against, and rebounded from, another officer — a sallow man, not young, with a face worn more by
15 ungentle experiences than by age, with weary eyes that kept their own counsel, iron-gray hair, and a mustache that was as if a raven had laid its wings across his lips and sealed them.

"Well?"

20 "Beg pardon, Major. Didn't see you. Oh, compound fracture and bruises. But it's all right; he'll pull through."

"Thank God."

It was probably an involuntary expression; for prayer and praise were not much in the Major's line, as a jerk of the sur-
25 geon's head would have betrayed to an observer. He was a bright little man, with his feelings showing all over him, but with gallantry and contempt of death for both sides of his profession; who took a cool head, a white handkerchief, and a case of instruments, where other men went hot-blooded
30 with weapons, and who was the biggest gossip, male or female, of the regiment. Not even the Major's taciturnity daunted him.

"Didn't think he'd as much pluck about him as he has. He'll do all right if he doesn't fret himself into a fever about poor Jackanapes."

"Whom are you talking about?" asked the Major, hoarsely.

"Young Johnson. He —"

"What about Jackanapes?"

"Don't you know? Sad business. Rode back for Johnson, and brought him in; but monstrous ill-luck, hit as they rode. Left lung —"

"Will he recover?"

"No. Sad business. What a frame — what limbs — and what good looks! Finest young fellow —"

"Where is he?"

In his own tent," said the surgeon, sadly.
The Major wheeled and left him.

"Can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. Except — Major! I wish I could get you to appreciate Johnson."

"This is not an easy moment, Jackanapes."

"Let me tell you, sir — *he* never will — that if he could have driven me from him, he would be lying yonder at this moment, and I should be safe and sound."

The Major laid his hand over his mouth, as if to keep back a wish he would have been ashamed to utter.

"I've known old Tony from a child. He's a fool on impulse, a good man and a gentleman in principle. And he acts on principle, which it's not every — Some water, please! Thank you, sir. It's very hot and yet one's feet get uncommonly cold. Oh, thank you, thank you. He's no fire-eater, but he has a trained conscience and a tender heart, and he'll do his duty when a braver and more selfish man might fail you. But he wants encouragement; and when I'm gone —"

"He shall have encouragement. You have my word for it. Can I do nothing else?"

"Yes, Major. A favor."

"Thank you, Jackanapes."

5 "Be Lollo's master, and love him as well as you can. He's used to it."

"Wouldn't you rather Johnson had him?"

The blue eyes twinkled in spite of mortal pain.

"Tony *rides* on principle, Major. His legs are bolsters,
10 and will be to the end of the chapter. I couldn't insult dear Lollo; but if you don't care —"

"While I live — which will be longer than I desire or deserve — Lollo shall want nothing but — you. I have too little tenderness for — My dear boy, you're faint. Can you
15 spare me for a moment?"

"No, stay — Major!"

"What? What?"

"My head drifts so — if you wouldn't mind."

"Yes! Yes!"

20 "Say a prayer by me. Out loud, please; I am getting deaf."

"My dearest Jackanapes — my dear boy —"

"One of the Church Prayers — Parade Service, you know —"

25 "I see. But the fact is — God forgive me, Jackanapes! — I'm a very different sort of fellow to some of you youngsters. Look here, let me fetch —"

But Jackanapes' hand was in his, and it would not let go. There was a brief and bitter silence.

30 "'Pon my soul, I can only remember the little one at the end."

"Please," whispered Jackanapes.

Pressed by the conviction that what little he could do it was his duty to do, the Major, kneeling, bared his head,
35 and spoke loudly, clearly, and very reverently —

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ —"

Jackanapes moved his left hand to his right one, which still held the Major's —

"The love of God —"

5 And with that — Jackanapes died.

CHAPTER VI

Und so ist der blaue Himmel grösser als jedes Gewolk darin, und dauerhafter dazu. — *Jean Paul Richter.*

Jackanapes' death was sad news for the Goose Green, a sorrow just qualified by honorable pride in his gallantry and devotion. Only the Cobbler dissented; but that was his way. He said he saw nothing in it but foolhardiness and vainglory. They might both have been killed, as easy as not; and then where would ye have been? A man's life was a man's life, and one life was as good as another. No one would catch him throwing his away. And, for that matter, Mrs. Johnson could spare a child a great deal better than Miss Jessamine.

But the parson preached Jackanapes' funeral sermon on the text, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it," and all the village went and wept to hear him.

Nor did Miss Jessamine see her loss from the Cobbler's point of view. On the contrary, Mrs. Johnson said she never to her dying day should forget how, when she went to condole with her, the old Lady came forward, with gentlewomanly self-control, and kissed her, and thanked God that her dear nephew's effort had been blessed with success, and that this sad war had made no gap in her friend's large and happy home-circle.

30 "But she's a noble, unselfish woman," sobbed Mrs. Johnson, "and she taught Jackanapes to be the same; and that's

how it is that my Tony has been spared to me. And it must be sheer goodness in Miss Jessamine, for what can she know of a mother's feelings? And I'm sure most people seem to think that if you've a large family you don't know one from
5 another any more than they do, and that a lot of children are like a lot of store apples — if one's taken it won't be missed."

Lollo — the first Lollo, the Gypsy's Lollo — very aged, draws Miss Jessamine's bath-chair slowly up and down the
10 Goose Green in the sunshine.

The ex-Postman walks beside him, which Lollo tolerates to the level of his shoulder. If the Postman advances any nearer to his head, Lollo quickens his pace; and were the Postman to persist in the injudicious attempt, there is, as Miss
15 Jessamine says, no knowing what might happen.

In the opinion of the Goose Green, Miss Jessamine has borne her troubles "wonderfully." Indeed, to-day, some of the less delicate and less intimate of those who see everything from the upper windows say (well, behind her back) that "the
20 old lady seems quite lively with her military admirers again."

The meaning of this is, that Captain Johnson is leaning over one side of her chair, while by the other bends a brother officer who is staying with him, and who has manifested an extraordinary interest in Lollo. He bends lower and lower,
25 and Miss Jessamine calls to the Postman to request Lollo to be kind enough to stop, while she is fumbling for something which always hangs by her side, and has got entangled with her spectacles.

It is a twopenny trumpet, bought years ago in the village
30 fair; and over it she and Captain Johnson tell, as best they can, between them, the story of Jackanapes' ride across Goose Green; and how he won Lollo — the Gypsy's Lollo — the racer Lollo — dear Lollo — faithful Lollo — Lollo the never vanquished — Lollo the tender servant of his old mistress.
35 And Lollo's ears twitch at every mention of his name.

Their hearer does not speak, but he never moves his eyes from the trumpet; and when the tale is told, he lifts Miss Jessamine's hand and presses his heavy black mustache in silence to her trembling fingers.

5 The sun, setting gently to his rest, embroiders the sombre foliage of the oak tree with threads of gold. The Gray Goose is sensible of an atmosphere of repose, and puts up one leg for the night. The grass glows with a more vivid green, and in answer to a ringing call from Tony, his sisters, fluttering
10 over the daisies in pale-hued muslins, come out of their ever-open door, like pretty pigeons from a dovecote.

And if the good gossips' eyes do not deceive them, all the Miss Johnsons and both the officers go wandering off into the the lanes, where bryony wreaths still twine about the brambles.

15 A sorrowful story, and ending badly?

Nay, Jackanapes, for the End is not yet.

A life wasted that might have been useful?

Men who have died for men, in all ages, forgive the thought!

There is a heritage of heroic example and noble obligation,
20 not reckoned in the Wealth of Nations, but essential to a nation's life; the contempt of which, in any people, may, not slowly, mean even its commercial fall.

Very sweet are the uses of prosperity, the harvests of peace and progress, the fostering sunshine of health and happiness,
25 and length of days in the land.

But there be things — oh, sons of what has deserved the name of Great Britain, forget it not! "the good of" which and "the use of" which are beyond all calculation of worldly goods and earthly uses: things such as Love, and Honor,
30 and the Soul of Man, which cannot be bought with a price, and which do not die with death. And they who would fain live happily ever after should not leave these things out of the lessons of their lives.

NOTES

37: 1 *Last noon*, etc. From "Childe Harold," a poem by Lord Byron, an English poet, 1788-1824.

38: 7 *Martinmas*. The feast of St. Martin, November 11.

38: 9 *Flodden Field*. The name of a battle at which the English defeated the Scotch in 1513. Sir Walter Scott tells of it in "Marmion."

38: 17 *Computation*. The act of counting or reckoning.

38: 18 *Michaelmas*. The Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, September 29.

38: 33 *Wrecked the baker's shops*, etc. In England, between the years 1811 and 1815, there were many riots, owing to wheat being sold at a high price, while wages were low.

39: 10 *Goose-step*. A military term. Marking time by raising the feet one after the other without making any progress.

39: 11 *Bony*. Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France. He had planned to invade England.

39: 34 *Gentleman of the Road*. A highway robber. The one meant here is probably Dick Turpin, who, according to a popular account, took a famous ride to York on his mare, "Black Bess."

40: 12 *Nankeen skeleton suit*. Nankeen was a cotton cloth made in Nankin, China. The skeleton suit consisted of a short jacket and trousers, the trousers being buttoned on to the jacket.

40: 17 *Accoutrements*. Pouches, belts, etc., of a soldier.

41: 9 "*Black ivory*." Negroes from Africa, who were sold as slaves.

42: 14 *Gretna Green*. A village in Scotland just over the border of England, noted for the runaway marriages that took place there.

42: 26 *Bryony*. A climbing plant; wild hop-vine.

43: 3 *Sabre-tache*. Sword pocket.

43: 16 *George and Dragon*. The name of the village inn.

43: 17 *Mail coach*. At the time of the Battle of Waterloo, the coaches used for carrying the mail traveled about fifteen miles an hour. Nowadays an express train easily makes sixty miles an hour. In "The English Mail Coach," De Quincey says: "The grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole Mail-Coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of Victory. Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place."

43: 18 *Laurel wreath*. The laurel is the sign of victory.

44: 25 *Duke of Brunswick*. Frederick William. He was born at Brunswick, October 9, 1771, and fell at Quatrebras, Belgium, June 16, 1815, the day before the Battle of Waterloo; but this first and very imperfect list, as it appeared in the newspapers, did begin with the name of "Brunswick's fated chieftain," and ended with that of Ensign Brown.

45: 6 *And he*, etc. From "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz," by Longfellow.

47: 1 *If studious*, etc. From "The Church Porch," by George Herbert, an English poet, 1593-1633.

47: 15 *Antimacassars*. "Tidies" used on the backs of chairs, sofas, etc. They served as a protection from Macassar oil, a hair-oil composed of a mixture of castor and olive oils.

48: 34 *Paradox*. That which seems absurd, but is really true.

49: 18 *Bucephalus*. The favorite horse of Alexander the Great, which none but he could ride. The horse in the merry-go-round easiest to ride was sometimes so called for fun.

49: 25 *Treaclestick*. A stick of molasses candy.

50: 5 *Two sweets and a ginger beer*. Booths where candy and ginger beer were sold.

50: 15 *Qualms*. A sudden fit of sickness, especially at the stomach.

53: 31 *Bear's-grease*. The fat or oil of the bear was used at that time for the hair.

54: 16 *Chippendale*. A style of drawing-room furniture, made by Thomas Chippendale, a celebrate designer of furniture in the eighteenth century.

57: 13 *Aureole*. The rays of light, seen in paintings, surrounding the body and head of Christ and the saints.

58: 34 *Lych gate*. A gate covered by a roof, often seen in English church-yards.

59: 28 *Ratepayer*. A taxpayer.

60: 16 *Iron Duke*. The Duke of Wellington, a famous British general and statesman. He won the victory at Waterloo, and in 1827, was made commander-in-chief of the army.

61: 7 *Execration*. Cursing.

61: 21 *Esprit de corps*. The common spirit among men in the army or navy; pride, loyalty.

62: 4 *Billet*. Mark. This is a reference to the old proverb, "Every bullet has its billet."

64: 11 *Bunyan*. John Bunyan, born in England in 1628 and died in 1688. He was imprisoned on account of his religious views, and while in prison wrote "Pilgrim's Progress."

64: 31 *Taciturnity*. Silence; no inclination to talk.

67: 6 *Und so*, etc. The blue sky is both greater and more enduring than any cloud within it.

67: 7 *Jean Paul Richter*. A German writer, born 1763; died 1825.

69: 26 *Things*. The things that are seen are temporal.

— II. *Corinthians*, IV., 18.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

MARY HOWITT

Mary (Botham) Howitt was born at Uttoxeter, England, about 1804. In 1823, she was married to William Howitt, a poet and author, and whose family, like her own, were Quakers. She died in 1888.

5 I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

10 I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky,
And the gnats are on the wing:
Little maiden, now is spring.

15 See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

20 Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms — a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

25 Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven;
 God for thee the spring has given,
 Taught the birds their melodies,
 Clothed the earth and cleared the skies
 For thy pleasure or thy food —
 30 Pour thy soul in gratitude.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare, the most famous of English poets and dramatists, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in April, 1526. About the year 1587, he went to London to seek his fortune, and became an actor. He wrote some of the plays acted by his own company, and in a few years had attained fame as a play-writer and poet. He died at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1616.

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat —
 5 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets —
 10 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 15 But winter and rough weather.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

James Henry Leigh Hunt, an English writer, was born at Southgate, near London, October 19, 1784. He is best known from his poems and essays, among the former being several translations, which are the best in the English language. In his essays he is always cheerful, constantly looking on the bright side of things. Though the sky be gloomy, he searches for the bit of blue that may be in it. He died at Putney, near London, August 28, 1859.

- About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)!
- Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
- 5 An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
- 10 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
- 15 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names of those whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. At the age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College, where he studied for four years and took his degree with high honors in 1825. His strong preference for a literary career soon showed itself, and having been offered the newly-established professorship of languages in Bowdoin College, for the purpose of qualifying himself for the post, he visited Europe, and spent three and a half years traveling in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England, studying the languages and literature of those countries. In 1829, he returned to America, and entered upon the duties of his professorship. In 1835, he was appointed to the professorship of modern languages and *belles-lettres* in Harvard College, resigning in 1854. He died March 24, 1882.

Longfellow is not one of the great poets of literature. He wrote musical, quiet verse that dignified common affairs and made him popular both here and in England. He was a man well loved by all who knew him, doing much good in a quiet way and making a wonderful teacher; and his poetry is unemotional, unquestioning, over-looking instead of solving the hard things in life.

"Hiawatha," which is, perhaps, the most original of all Longfellow's poems, was published in 1855. The meter is often called unsuited to the English language; but read without over-emphasis on the rhythm of the individual lines, the meter suits the simple, straightforward narrative of the old Indian legends.

INTRODUCTION

Should you ask me, whence these stories?

Whence these legends, and traditions,

With the odors of the forest,

With the dew and damp of meadows,

5 With the curling smoke of wigwams,

With the rushing of great rivers,

With their frequent repetitions,

And their wild reverberations,

As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,

“From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
15 From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
20 The musician, the sweet singer.”

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
25 “In the bird’s-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!

“All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
30 In the moorlands and the fenlands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
35 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!”

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, “Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,”

I should answer your inquiries
40 Straightway in such words as follow.

“In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
45 Round about the Indian village

Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
50 Ever sighing, ever singing.

“And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
55 By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.

60 “There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
65 That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!”

Ye who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
70 Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
75 Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries —
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

80 Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,

That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
85 Whether they are sung or spoken; —
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple;
Who have faith in God and Nature,
90 Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
95 That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened; —
Listen to this simple story,
100 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye, who sometimes in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
105 Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
110 Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter; —
Stay and read this rude inscription,
115 Read this Song of Hiawatha!

I

THE PEACE-PIPE

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-Stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
5 On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
10 O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
15 Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Molded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
20 From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it!
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
25 Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
30 Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,

Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
35 Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
40 Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
45 From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

50 And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
55 Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
60 Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
65 Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,

To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the Great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

70 And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
75 In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
80 The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
85 But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
90 Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise: —

“O my children! my poor children!
95 Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

“I have given you lands to hunt in,
100 I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,

I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
105 Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
110 Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
115 And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
120 If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
125 Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the bloodstains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mold and make it into Peace-Pipes,
130 Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
135 Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,

Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
140 Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!

145 From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
150 The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
155 Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
160 Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II

THE FOUR WINDS

"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!"
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,

5 From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
10 From the Great Bear of the mountains,
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
15 Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
20 Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
25 The black muffle of the nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted long and loud his war-cry,
30 Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;
35 But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,
As he sat upon his haunches;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,

40 Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

“Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretended;
45 Else you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman!

Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
50 You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered;
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,
55 And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman!”

Then again he raised his war-club,
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
60 In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,
65 He the terror of the nations.

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!”
With a shout exclaimed the people,
“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
70 Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!”

75 Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
80 Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

 Young and beautiful was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,
85 He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
90 Called the deer, and called the hunter.

 Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gayly to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odors for him,
95 Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

 But one morning, gazing earthward,
100 While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
105 Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

 Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
110 Two blue lakes among the rushes.

And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

115 And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
120 Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom;
125 And forever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

 But the fierce Kabibonokka
130 Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
135 Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
140 Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
Drove the cormorant and heron
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.

 Once the fierce Kabibonokka
145 Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,

From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,

150 As he howled and hurried southward,
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes
Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind him,
155 O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,
Lingering still among the moorlands,
Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
160 "Who is this that dares to brave me?
Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild goose has gone southward,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
165 Long ago departed southward?
I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,
170 Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smóke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtain of the door-way.
Shingebis, the diver feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;
175 Four great logs had he for firewood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him,
By his blazing fire he sat there,
180 Warm and merry, eating, laughing,

Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
185 Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
190 Only made the fire burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
195 Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

200 Till at last he rose defeated,
Could not bear the heat and laughter,
Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the doorway,
Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,
205 Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
210 To come forth and wrestled naked
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,
Wrestled naked on the moorlands
215 With the fierce Kabibonokka,

Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feeble,
Till he reeled and staggered backward,
And retreated, baffled, beaten,
220 To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
225 You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.

230 He it was who sent the wood-birds,

Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
235 Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
240 Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian summer
In the Moon when nights are brightest,
In the dreary Moon of Snowshoes.

245 Listless, careless Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
250 He beheld a maiden standing,

Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.

255 Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.
260 But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
265 Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
270 Covered as with whitest snowflakes.

"Ah! my brother from the Northland,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit!
You have stolen the maiden from me,
275 You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,
With your stories of the Northland!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow;
280 And the South-wind o'er the prairie
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snowflakes,
Full of thistle-down the prairie,
285 And the maid with hair like sunshine

Vanished from his sight forever;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses:

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!

290

'T was no woman that you gazed at,
'T was no maiden that you sighed for,
'T was the prairie dandelion

That through all the dreamy Summer
You had gazed at with such longing,

295

You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away forever,
Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;

300

Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corners of the heavens;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.

5

She was sporting with her women
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,

10

Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
15 On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
"See! a star falls!" said the people;
"From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,
20 There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,
25 As the first-born of her daughters,
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
30 With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis;
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
35 Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"

But she heeded not the warning,
40 Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
45 Found the beautiful Wenonah,

Lying there among the lilies,
Wooded her with his words of sweetness,
Wooded her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
50 Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
55 In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
60 "O that I were dead!" she murmured,
"O that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
65 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
70 Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
75 Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
80 "Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
'Ewa-yea! my little owl!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
85 Ewa-yea! my little owl!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkooda, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
90 Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
95 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
100 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

105 Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
110 Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
115 Ere upon my bed I lay me,

Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
20 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered,

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
125 Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
130 And the good Nokomis answered:

"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
135 Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"

140 And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha

145 Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
150 Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
155 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
160 He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
165 From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
170 Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway,
All alone walked Hiawatha
175 Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
180 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
185 Laughed, and said between his laughing,

“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
190 Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,

“Do not shoot me Hiawatha!”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
195 On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
200 There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
205 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

210 Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
215 Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

220 Dead he lay there in the forest,

By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
225 As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
230 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
235 Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

IV

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
5 In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
10 That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
15 Ere the first to earth had fallen:

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
20 He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
25 At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
30 Of the falsehood of his father;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
“I will go to Mudjekeewis,
35 See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset!”

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;
40 Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum;
On his head his eagle feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wampum,
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
45 Strung with sinews of the reindeer;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.

50 Warning said the old Nokomis,

“Go not forth, O Hiawatha!
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning!”

55

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,
As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

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So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison;
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits,
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

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Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,

85

Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together,
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting;
With a smile he sat and listened;
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed him,
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm you?
Nothing that you are afraid of?"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,

Nothing but the black rock yonder,
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek?"

125 And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal,
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!
Is there anything can harm you?
130 Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, "There is nothing,
135 Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,
Hiawatha cried in terror,
140 Cried in well-dissembled terror,
"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"
"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,
"No, indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters;
145 First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
150 Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,
155 It was you who killed Wenonah,

Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps.
You confess it! you confess it!"

160 And the Mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed his gray hairs to the west wind,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

165 Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and gesture
Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
170 Smote and crushed it into fragments
Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was,

175 But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward from him,
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant;
180 Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!

185 Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the mountains;
From his eyry screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sat upon the crags around them,
190 Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;
195 Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"

200 Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
205 To the door-ways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
210 Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!

'Tis impossible to kill me,

215 For you cannot kill the immortal.

I have put you to this trial,

But to know and prove your courage;

Now receive the prize of valor!

"Go back to your home and people,

220 Live among them, toil among them,

Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,

Slay all monsters and magicians,

All the giants, the Wendigoes,

225 All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,

As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

230 "And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

235 Thus was fought that famous battle
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah!
In the days long since departed,
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
Still the hunter sees its traces
240 Scattered far o'er hill and valley;
Sees the giant bulrush growing
By the ponds and water-courses,
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
Lying still in every valley.

245 Homeward now went Hiawatha;
Pleasant was the landscape round him,
Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
250 From his brain the thought of vengeance,
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
255 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley,

260 There the ancient Arrow-maker

Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smooth and sharpened at the edges,
265 Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
270 Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
275 Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
280 In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water,
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
285 From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions
290 Fill the fiery brains of young men?
Who shall say what dreams of beauty
Filled the heart of Hiawatha?
All he told to old Nokomis,
295 When he reached the lodge at sunset,

Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water.

V

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
5 Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
10 Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
15 Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
20 Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
25 And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,

Flying to the fenlands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
“Master of Life!” he cried, desponding,
“Must our lives depend on these things?”

30 On the next day of his fasting
By the river’s bank he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
35 And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o’er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
40 “Master of Life!” he cried, desponding,
“Must our lives depend on these things?”

 On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
45 Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
50 And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
“Master of Life!” he cried, desponding,
“Must our lives depend on these things?”

 On the fourth day of his fasting
55 In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
60 On the gleaming of the water,

On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow
Coming through the purple twilight,
65 Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
70 Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
75 All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
80 Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantages of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
85 Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

90 Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
95 At his touch he felt new courage

Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.
So they wrestled there together
100 In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
105 From her haunts among the fenlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,

110 "But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."
And he vanished, and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
115 Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

120 On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending
Like a red and burning cinder,
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
125 Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
130 Taking shape when earth it touches,

But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,

135 Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

140 Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
145 Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
150 He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled, and said, "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;

155 Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,

160 Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
165 Come to haunt me and molest me,

Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

170 And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
175 Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
180 Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of h s fasting,
185 Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
190 Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls arounds us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
195 Tells us that the day is ended."
Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
200 He meanwhile sat weary waiting

For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
205 Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,
210 With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
215 Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
220 And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
225 And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
230 Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

235 And victorious Hiawatha

Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
240 Soft and loose and light above him;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

245 Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
250 Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
255 Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mold soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
260 Drove away with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
265 And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
270 Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!"

Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
275 Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
280 Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
285 As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
5 Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
10 Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,

Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
15 Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
20 He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
25 Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
30 Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
35 That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

40 Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
45 Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,

Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
50 Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
60 Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
60 For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
65 In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
70 For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
75 He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
80 Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,

Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
85 Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,
"In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
90 Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
95 At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
100 Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
105 Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father;
"In the hunt you never help me;
110 Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest;
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
115 Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison

Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow:
'Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,

Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
155 Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
160 Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!

165 We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

170 And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
175 Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!

5 I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

10 "Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

15 Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
While the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
20 And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

 And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
25 Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

 With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
30 Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

35 "Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

 Through the summit of the Cedar

40 Went a sound, a cry of horror,
 Went a murmur of resistance;
 But it whispered, bending downward,
 “Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

 Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
45 Shaped them straightway to a framework
 Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
 Like two bended bows together.

 “Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
 Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
50 My canoe to bind together,
 So to bind the ends together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!”

 And the larch, with all its fibres,
55 Shivered in the air of morning,
 Touched his forehead with its tassels,
 Said with one long sigh of sorrow,
 “Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

 From the earth he tore the fibres,
60 Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
 Closely sewed the bark together,
 Bound it closely to the framework.

 “Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
 Of your balsam and your resin,
65 So to close the seams together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!”

 And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
 Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
70 Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
 Answered wailing, answered weeping,
 “Take my balm, O Hiawatha!”

 And he took the tears of balsam,
 Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,

75 Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
 Made each crevice safe from water.

 "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
 All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!

 I will make a necklace of them,
80 Make a girdle for my beauty,
 And two stars to deck her bosom!"

 From the hollow tree the Hedgehog
 With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
 Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
85 Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
 Through the tangle of his whiskers,
 "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

 From the ground the quills he gathered,
 All the little shining arrows,
90 Stained them red and blue and yellow,
 With the juice of roots and berries;
 Into his canoe he wrought them,
 Round its waist a shining girdle,
 Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
95 On its breast two stars resplendent.

 Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
 In the valley, by the river,
 In the bosom of the forest;
 And the forest's life was in it,
100 All its mystery and its magic,
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews;
 And it floated on the river
105 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water lily.

 Paddles none had Hiawatha,
 Paddles none he had or needed,
 For his thoughts as paddles served him,

110

And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

115

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

120

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dove as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

125

130

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

135

140

Up and down the river went they,
In and out among the islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the water of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
5 Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
10 He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
15 Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
20 Played as in the hemlock branches;
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
25 Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
30 With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor;

On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
35 Plates of bone, with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
40 Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing line of cedar.

“Take my bait,” cried Hiawatha,
45 Down into the depths beneath him,
“Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!”
And he dropped his line of cedar
50 Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
“Take my bait, O King of Fishes!”

55 Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
60 Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
“Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!”

65 In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;

As he drew it in, he tugged so
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
70 With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
75 Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
80 You are not the King of fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
75 "Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Like a white moon in the water,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
90 Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
95 Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off, sandy beaches,
Till the water flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
100 Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting his great disc of whiteness,

Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
105 You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Wavering downward, white and ghastly,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
110 Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom
115 Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
120 Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
125 As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
130 Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
135 Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,

Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha

Drag his birch canoe for safety,

140

Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,

In the turmoil and confusion,

Forth he might be hurled and perish.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,

Frisked and chattered very gayly,

145

Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha,

Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,

“O my little friend, the squirrel,

Bravely have you toiled to help me;

150

Take the thanks of Hiawatha

And the name which now he gives you;

For hereafter and forever

Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,

Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!”

155

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,

Gasped and quivered in the water,

Then was still, and drifted landward

Till he grated on the pebbles,

Till the listening Hiawatha

160

Heard him grate upon the margin,

Felt him strand upon the pebbles,

Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,

Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,

165

As of many wings assembling,

Heard a screaming and confusion,

As of birds of prey contending,

Saw a gleam of light above him,

Shining through the ribs of Nahma,

170

Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,

Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,

Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
" 'Tis our brother, Hiawatha! "

175 And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns;
" O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Náhma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
180 With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
185 Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers! "

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
190 And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
Was released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,
195 On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
200 With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

" I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes! " said he;
" Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls;
205 Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril

In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands,
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed places,
Till the sky was red with sun-rise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
Came back from the reedy islands,
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
5 O'er the water pointing westward
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the heavens,
Set the sky on fire behind him,
10 As war-parties when retreating,
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;
And the moon, the Night-sun, eastward,
Suddenly starting from his ambush,
Followed fast those bloody footprints,
15 Followed in that fiery war-trail,
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha:
20 "Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,
Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
25 You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water;
You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,
30 To the purple clouds of sunset!
He it was who slew my father,

By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
35 He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fenlands,
40 Sends disease and death among us!

“Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
45 And your birch-canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly,
You may pass the black pitch-water;
Slay this merciless magician,
50 Save the people from the fever,
That he breathes across the fenlands,
And avenge my father’s murder!”

Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war-gear,
55 Launched his birch-canoe for sailing;
With his palms its sides he patted,
Said with glee, “Cheemaun, my darling,
O my Birch-Canoe! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
60 Where you see the black pitch-water!”

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woeful,
And above him the war-eagle,
65 The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,

Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

70 Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted.
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
75 So that none could pass beyond them.

 But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:
“Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey!”
80 And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer:
“Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!”

 Then the angry Hiawatha
85 Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
90 Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death song of Kenabeek.

 Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
95 Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:
“Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!
Onward to the black pitch-water!”

 Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
100 Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly
He might pass the black pitch-water.

105 All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mold of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
110 Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,
All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
115 The mosquito, sang his war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
120 Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fenlands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
125 Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
130 Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
135 He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,

Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"
140 And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
145 Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
One end on the sand he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
150 Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing, as a herald
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
155 "Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather!
Hiawatha waits your coming!"

Straightway from the shining Wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
160 Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his war-like weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,
165 Crested with great eagle feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!"
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.
170 "Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!
Hasten back among the women,

Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father!"

175 But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:
"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
180 Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
185 All a summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
190 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum,

195 Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
200 And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose branches trailed the mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,
205 With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:

“Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
210 Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black tresses;
There alone can he be wounded!

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
215 Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
220 Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,
In the pathway of the other,
225 Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounding sorer than the other,
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
230 Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
235 Heard his voice call in the darkness;
At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
240 Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches

Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
245 On the little head of Mama;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
250 From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,
Half on land and half in water,
255 In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water.
And above him, wheeled and clamored
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
260 Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
265 Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,
270 Homeward through the black pitch-water,
Homeward through the weltering serpents,
With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
275 On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,

Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
280 Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast and shouted:
"Honor be to Hiawatha!
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
285 Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fenlands,
Sent disease and death among us!"
Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama!
290 And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
295 But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
5 Useless each without the other!"
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered

10 Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning said the old Nokomis;
15 “Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor’s homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
20 Is the handsomest of strangers!”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: “Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
25 But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!”

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
“Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
30 Hands unskilful, feet unwilling,
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!”

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
35 “In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker’s daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
40 She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!”

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
45 From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

50 Laughing answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
55 And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
60 Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
65 And his heart outran his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha,
Calling to him through the silence.
70 "Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
75 But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"

Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
80 Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
85 Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
90 Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
95 He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
100 How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.

Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
105 Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
110 Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,

Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
115 Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

120 Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
125 Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
130 Saying, as he rose to meet him,
“Hiawatha, you are welcome!”

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
135 And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
“You are welcome, Hiawatha!”

Very spacious was the wigwam,
140 Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
145 Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,

From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside the mat unfinished,
150 Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of basswood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
155 Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
160 As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
165 And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
170 There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
175 And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

180 And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,

Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:

“Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!”

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,

“I will follow you, my husband!”

This was Hiawatha’s wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,

“Fare the well, O Minnehaha!”

And the ancient Arrow-maker,
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:

“Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,

220 With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

225 Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
230 To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
235 Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
240 With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the traveling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
245 From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peered the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
250 Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
255 Songs of happiness and heart's ease;
Sang the bluebird; the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
260 "Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying, to them, "O my children,
265 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
270 Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble:
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"
275 Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
280 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XI

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
How the gentle Chibiabos,
5 He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
10 That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gayly,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
15 All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly.
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
20 Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation;
As a token of the feasting;
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
25 Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paints and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
30 Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;
Then on pemican they feasted,

35 Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them.
40 Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
45 Filled the red-stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the southland,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
50 Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"

55 Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

60 Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snowshoes
In the play of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
65 Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
70 Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.
He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,
75 White and soft and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buck-skin,
80 Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

85 Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
90 Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
95 Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine trees,
100 Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.

Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
105 Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
110 Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
115 Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjee!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
120 Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
125 To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
130 Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos
135 Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,

- Songs of love and songs of longing;
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
140 Sang he softly, sang in this wise:
 "Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!
145 "If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!
 "Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
150 Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling.
 "Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
155 As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are brightest?
 "Onaway! my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,
As the sighing, singing branches
160 In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!
 "When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!
165 "When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.
 "Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
170 Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling

When thou art no longer near me!

“I myself, myself! behold me!

Blood of my beating heart, behold me!

175 O awake, awake, beloved!

Onaway! awake, beloved!”

Thus the gentle Chibiabos

Sang his song of love and longing;

And Iagoo, the great boaster,

180 He the marvellous story-teller,

He the friend of old Nokomis,

Jealous of the sweet musician,

Jealous of the applause they gave him,

Saw in all the eyes around him,

185 Saw in all their looks and gestures,

That the wedding guests assembled

Longed to hear his pleasant stories,

His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo;

190 Never heard he an adventure

But himself had met a greater;

Never any deed of daring

But himself had done a bolder;

Never any marvellous story

195 But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,

Would you only give him credence,

No one ever shot an arrow

Half so far and high as he had;

200 Ever caught so many fishes,

Ever killed so many reindeer,

Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,

None could dive so deep as he could,

205 None could swim so far as he could;

None had made so many journeys,

None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller!

210 Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people;
And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
215 Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!
Here's Iagoo come among us!"

 He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
220 Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
225 And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

230 And they said, "O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
235 And our guests be more contented!"

 And Iagoo answered straightway,
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the Magician,
240 From the Evening Star descended."

XII

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow,
5 Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life-blood,
Filling all the air with splendor,
With the splendor of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,
10 Sinking down into the water;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson!
No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
15 To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened!

Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
20 No; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo
25 And he said in haste: "Behold it!
See the sacred Star of Evening!
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!

30 "Once, in days no more remembered,
Ages nearer the beginning,

When the heavens were closer to us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the Northland lived a hunter,
35 With ten young and comely daughters,
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
40 Was the fairest of the sisters.

“All these women married warriors,
Married brave and haughty husbands;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
45 All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with coughing,
Always coughing like a squirrel.

50 “Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion!
55 All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language!

60 “And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wampum,
Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said: ‘I care not for you,
65 Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,

Care not for your jests and laughter;
I am happy with Osseo!’

70 “Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of evening
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him;
75 All the others chatted gayly,
These two only walked in silence.

“At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
80 At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman;
And they heard him murmur softly.

‘*Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa!*

Pity, pity me, my father!’
85 “‘Listen!’ said the eldest sister,

‘He is praying to his father!
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling!’
90 And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

“On their pathway through the woodlands
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
95 Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Moldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.
And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
100 At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;

From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

105 "Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty;
But alas for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful!
Strangely, too, was she transfigured,
Changed into a weak old woman,
110 With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

115 "But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her,
Took her hand, as brown and withered
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,
120 Soothed her with soft words of kindness,
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,
Till they sat down in the wigwam,
Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.

125 "Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,
At the banquet sat Osseo;
All were merry, all were happy,
All were joyous, but Osseo,
Neither food nor drink he tasted,
130 Neither did he speak nor listen,
But as one bewildered sat he,
Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Oweenee, then upward,
At the gleaming sky above them.

135 "Then a voice was heard, a whisper,
Coming from the starry distance,

Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender;
And the voice said: 'O Osseo!

140 O my son, my best beloved!
Broken are the spells that bound you,
All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil;
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!

145 "Taste the food that stands before you;
It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.
All your bowls and all your kettles
150 Shall be wood and clay no longer;
But the bowls be changed to wampum,
And the kettles shall be silver;
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

155 "And the women shall no longer
Bear the dreary doom of labor,
But be changed to birds and glisten
With the beauty of the starlight,
Painted with the dusky splendors,
160 Of the skies and clouds of evening!

"What Osseo heard as whispers,
What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
165 Of the whippoorwill afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.

"Then the lodge began to tremble,
Straight began to shake and tremble,
170 And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,

- From the darkness of the tree-tops,
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches;
175 And behold! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scarlet!
And behold! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver!
And the roof-poles of the wigwam
180 Were as glittering rods of silver.
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.
“Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
185 All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plumage.
Some were jays and some were magpies,
Others thrushes, others blackbirds;
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,
190 Pecked and fluttered all their feathers,
Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded.
“Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
195 Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered
200 By the oak-tree in the forest.
“Then returned her youth and beauty
And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
205 Yes, a shining silver feather.
“And again the wigwam trembled,

Swayed and rushed through airy currents,
Through transparent cloud and vapor,
And amid celestial splendors
210 On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snowflake falls on snowflake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.

“Forth with cheerful words of welcome
215 Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: ‘My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,
220 Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam.’

“At the door he hung the bird-cage,
And they entered in and gladly
225 Listened to Osseo’s father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: ‘O my Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty;
230 Into birds of various plumage
Changed your Sisters and their husbands;
Changed them thus because they mocked you
In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
235 Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your youth immortal;
Only Oweenee, the faithful,
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

““In the lodge that glimmers yonder,
240 In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapors on the left hand,

Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old man.
245 Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him
Are the powers of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet,
250 On the peaceful Star of Evening
Dwelt Osseo with his father;
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of silver,
255 And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo,
With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered,
260 And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his aunts and uncles,
All those birds with glossy feathers,
265 For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled and darted,
Filled the Evening Star with music,
With their songs of joy and freedom;
Filled the Evening Star with splendor;
270 With the fluttering of their plumage;
Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And a bird, with shining feathers,
275 At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation!

'Twas no bird he saw before him,
'Twas a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom!

280 "When her blood fell on the planet,
On the sacred Star of Evening,
Broken was the spell of magic,
Powerless was the strange enchantment,
And the youth, the fearless bowman,
285 Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sinking
Downward through the empty spaces,
Downward through the clouds and vapors,
Till he rested on an island,
290 On an island, green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

 "After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining feathers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,
295 Like the painted leaves of Autumn;
And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,
By the winds of heaven uplifted,
300 Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

 "Then the birds, again transfigured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
305 Took their shape, but not their stature,
They remained as Little People,
Like the Pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,
And on pleasant nights of Summer,
When the Evening Star was shining,
310 Hand in hand they danced together
On the island's craggy headlands,

On the sand-beach low and level.

315 “Still their glittering lodge is seen there,
On the tranquil Summer evenings,
And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy voices,
Sees them dancing in the starlight!”

320 When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was ended,
Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iagoo added:

325 “There are great men, I have known such,
Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of,
Scoff and jeer at in derision.
From the story of Osseo
Let them learn the fate of jesters!”

330 All the wedding guests delighted
Listened to the marvellous story,
Listened laughing and applauding,
And they whispered to each other:

“Does he mean himself, I wonder?
And are we the aunts and uncles?”

335 Then again sang Chibiabos,
Sang a song of love and longing,
In those accents sweet and tender,
In those tones of pensive sadness,
Sang a maiden's lamentation
For her lover, her Algonquin.

340 “When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

345 “Ah me! when I parted from him,
Round my neck he hung the wampum,
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"I will go with you, he whispered,

Ah me! to your native country;

350

Let me go with you, he whispered,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"Far away, away, I answered,

Very far away, I answered,

Ah me! is my native country,

355

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I looked back to behold him,

Where we parted, to behold him,

After me he still was gazing,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

360

"By the tree he still was standing,

By the fallen tree was standing,

That had dropped into the water,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I think of my beloved,

365

Ah me! think of my beloved,

When my heart is thinking of him,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

Such was Hiawatha's wedding,

Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,

370

Such the story of Iagoo,

Such the songs of Chibiabos;

Thus the wedding banquet ended,

And the wedding guests departed,

Leaving Hiawatha happy

375

With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS

Sing, O Song of Hiawatha,

Of the happy days that followed,

In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful!
5 Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike weapons,
10 And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations;
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
15 Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
Unmolested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

20 All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.

25 'T was the women who in Springtime
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin;

'T was the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
30 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spake and said to Minnehaha,

35 To his wife, the Laughing Water:
"You shall bless to-night the cornfields,
Draw a magic circle round them,

40 To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!
In the night, when all is silence,
In the night, when all is darkness,
45 When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
So that not an ear can hear you,
So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Lay aside your garments wholly,
50 Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the cornfields,
Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a garment.

“Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,
55 And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mildew,
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o’er the magic circle;
60 Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,
Nor the mighty caterpillar,
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,
65 King of all the caterpillars!”

On the tree-tops near the cornfields
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
With his band of black marauders.
70 And they laughed at Hiawatha,
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,
With their melancholy laughter,

At the words of Hiawatha.

“Hear him!” said they; “hear the Wise Man,
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!”

75

When the noiseless night descended
Broad and dark o’er field and forest,
When the mournful Wawonaissa,
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,

80

And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
From her bed rose Laughing Water,
Laid aside her garments wholly,
And with darkness clothed and guarded,
Unashamed and unaffrighted,
Walked securely round the cornfields,
Drew the sacred, magic circle
Of her footprints round the cornfields.

85

No one but the Midnight only
Saw her beauty in the darkness,
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom;
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her
Closely in his sacred mantle
So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, “I saw her!”

95

On the morrow, as the day dawned,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
Crows and blackbirds, jays, and ravens,
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
And descended, fast and fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of the Mondamin.

100

105

“We will drag Mondamin,” said they,
“From the grave where he is buried,
Spite of all the magic circles

- Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred footprints
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"
- 110 But the wary Hiawatha,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.
- 115 "Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!
I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten!"
- 120 He had risen before the daybreak,
He had spread o'er all the cornfields
Snares to catch the black marauders,
And was lying now in ambush
In the neighboring grove of pine trees,
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,
125 Waiting for the jays and ravens.
- Soon they came with caw and clamor,
Rush of wings and cry of voices,
To their work of devastation,
Settling down upon the cornfields,
130 Delving deep with beak and talon,
For the body of Mondamin.
And with all their craft and cunning,
All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near them,
135 Till their claws became entangled,
Till they found themselves imprisoned
In the snares of Hiawatha.
From his place of ambush came he,
Striding terrible among them,
140 And so awful was his aspect
That the bravest quailed with terror.
Without mercy he destroyed them,

Right and left, by tens and twenties,
And their wretched, lifeless bodies
145 Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated cornfields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.
Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
150 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people.
With his prisoner-string he bound him,
Led him captive to his wigwam,
155 Tied him fast with cords of elm bark
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

“Kahgahgee, my raven!” said he,
“You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
160 The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behavior!”

And he left him, grim and sulky,
165 Sitting in the morning sunshine
On the summit of the wigwam,
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
Flapping his great sable pinions,
Vainly struggling for his freedom,
170 Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasee
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the Southland sent his ardors,
Wafted kisses warm and tender;
175 And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,

Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:
" 'Tis the Moon when leaves are falling;
All the wild rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow!"

And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the bluejays,
Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
"Nushka!" cried they all together,

“Nushka!” you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband!”
215 “Ugh!” the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.
And whene’er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husking
220 Blighted, mildewed or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the cornfields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
225 Singing singly or together;
“Wagemin, the thief of cornfields!
Paimosaid, the skulking robber!”
Till the cornfields rang with laughter,
Till from Hiawatha’s wigwam
230 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Screamed and quivered in his anger,
And from all the neighboring tree-tops
Cawed and croaked the black marauders.
“Ugh!” the old men all responded,
235 From their seats beneath the pine trees!

XIV

PICTURE-WRITING

In those days said Hiawatha,
“Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,
5 The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,

10 All the marvelous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!
Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
15 That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be!

“On the grave-posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no figures painted;
20 Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.
Of what kith they are and kindred,
From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
25 They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.

“Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
Cannot send our voices from us
30 To the friends that dwell afar off;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others.”

35 Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,
40 Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,

And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.

Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.

Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,
Life was white, but Death was darkened;
Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for daytime,
Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

80 All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said, "Behold, your graveposts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol,
85 Go and paint them all with figures;
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."
And they painted on the graveposts
90 Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
95 Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
100 The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
105 Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,
110 Flashing light through all the heaven;
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven;

- 115 In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic;
Headless men, that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
120 Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-captains
Grasping both the earth and heaven!
- Such as these the shapes they painted
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin;
125 Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic.
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.
- 130 Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,
The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunting!
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
135 Symbol and interpretation.
- First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet;
'Tis the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, "My painting
140 Makes me powerful over others."
- Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, "Listen!
'Tis my voice you hear, my singing!"
- 145 Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
"I will come and sit beside you

In the mystery of my passion!"

150 Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped together
That they seem in one united,
And the words thus represented
155 Are, "I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with blushes!"

Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested
160 Was, "Though you were at a distance,
Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to me!"

165 Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, "Though you were far from me
In the land of Sleep and Silence,
170 Still the voice of love would reach you!"

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
175 "Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people,
All the mysteries of painting,
180 All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white-skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

In those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
5 Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them,
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
10 Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
15 Answered ever sweet and childlike,
"Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,
20 Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
When the snowflakes, whirling downward,
Hissed among the withered oak leaves,
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,
Covered all the earth with silence —
Armed with arrows, shod with snowshoes,
25 Heeding not his brother's warning,
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water
30 Sprang with speed the deer before him.
With the wind and snow he followed,

O'er the treacherous ice he followed,
Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting.

35 But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,
Dragged him downward to the bottom,
Buried in the sand his body.
40 Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha
45 Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the prairies,
And the thunder in the distance
50 Woke and answered "Baim-wawa!"

Then his face with black he painted,
With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,
55 Uttering still this moan of sorrow:—

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
60 To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir-trees
Waved their dark green fans above him,
65 Waved their purple cones above him,
Sighing with him to console him,

Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.

70 Came the Spring, and all the forest
Looked in vain for Chibiabos;
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

 From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
75 "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
He is dead, the sweet musician!"

 From the wigwam sang the robin,
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
80 "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
He is dead, the sweetest singer!"

 And at night through all the forest
Went the whippoorwill complaining,
Wailing went the Wawonaissa,
85 "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!"

 Then the medicine-men, the Medas,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
90 Came to visit Hiawatha;

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,
To appease him, to console him,
Walked in silent, grave procession,
Bearing each a pouch of healing,
95 Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Filled with magic roots and simples,
Filled with very potent medicines.

 When he heard their steps approaching,
Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
100 Called no more on Chibiabos;
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,

But his mournful head uncovered,
From his face the mourning colors
Washed he slowly and in silence,
105 Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
110 Roots of power, and herbs of healing;
Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;
Chanting singly and in chorus,
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

"I myself, myself! behold me!
115 'T is the great Gray Eagle talking;
Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!
The loud-speaking thunder helps me;
All the unseen spirits help me;
I can hear their voices calling,
120 All around the sky I hear them!
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
125 "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"Friends of mine are all the serpents!
Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!
Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;
I can shoot your heart and kill it!
I can blow you strong, my brother,
130 I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.
135 "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"I myself, myself! the prophet!
When I speak the wigwam trembles,
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,
Hands unseen begin to shake it!

When I walk, the sky I tread on
Bends and makes a noise beneath me!
I can blow you strong, my brother!
140 Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
Then they shook their medicine pouches
O'er the head of Hiawatha,
145 Danced their medicine-dance around him;
And upstarting wild and haggard,
Like a man from dreams awakened,
He was healed of all his madness.
As the clouds are swept from heaven,
150 Straightway from his brain departed
All his moody melancholy;
As the ice is swept from rivers,
Straightway from his heart departed
All his sorrow and affliction.

155 Then they summoned Chibiabos
From his grave beneath the waters,
From the sands of Gitche Gumee
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.
And so mighty was the magic
160 Of that cry and invocation,
That he heard it as he lay there
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;
From the sand he rose and listened,
Heard the music and the singing,
165 Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,
Through the door a burning firebrand;
170 Ruler in the Land of Spirits,
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,

Telling him a fire to kindle
For all those that died thereafter,
Camp-fires for their night encampments
175 On their solitary journey
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his childhood,
From the homes of those who knew him,
180 Passing silent through the forest,
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,
Slowly vanished Chibiabos!
Where he passed, the branches moved not,
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,
185 And the fallen leaves of last year
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward,
Down the pathway of the dead men;
On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,
190 Crossed the melancholy river,
On the swinging log he crossed it,
Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the Stone Canoe was carried
To the Islands of the Blessed,
195 To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,
Many weary spirits saw he,
Panting under heavy burdens,
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,
200 Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,
And with food that friends had given
For that solitary journey.

"Ah! why do the living," said they,
"Lay such heavy burdens on us!
215 Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,

Than to bear such heavy burdens
On our long and weary journey!"

210 Forth then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples
And the antidotes for poisons,
And the cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals
215 All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

XVI

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis
He, the handsome Yenadizze,
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,
Vexed the village with disturbance;
5 You shall hear of all his mischief,
And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transmigrations,
And the end of his adventures.
 On the shores of Gitche Gumees,
10 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
It was he who in his frenzy
Whirled these drifting sands together,
15 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
When, among the guests assembled,
He so merrily and madly
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.

20 Now, in search of new adventures,
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Came with speed into the village,
Found the young men all assembled
In the lodge of old Iagoo,
25 Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

 He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
30 How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;
How the Otter first essayed it;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger
35 Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote against the sky their foreheads,
Cracked the sky, but could not break it;
40 How the Wolverine, uprising,
Make him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

 "Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,
45 "Once he leaped, and lo! above him
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
50 When the freshet is at highest!
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him
Broke the shattered sky asunder
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,

55 With a bound went in behind him!"
"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he entered at the doorway;
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
60 Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
65 All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they painted,
And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
70 Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.
75 All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks;
These were brass, on one side burnished,
And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,
80 Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Thus exclaiming and explaining:
"Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing
85 On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabeek;
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,

90 Threw them on the ground before him,
Still exclaiming and explaining:

“White are both the great Kenabeeks,
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red are all the other pieces;
95 Five tens and an eight are counted.”

Thus he taught the game of hazard,
Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various chances,
Various changes, various meanings:
100 Twenty curious eyes stared at him,
Full of eagerness stared at him.

“Many games,” said old Iagoo,
“Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
105 Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Iagoo
Must have very nimble fingers;
Though you think yourself so skilful
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
110 I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and Counters!”

So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young men,
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,
115 Played till midnight, played till morning,
Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Of their treasures had despoiled them,
Of the best of all their dresses,
120 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,
Warlike weapons, pipes, and pouches.
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

- 125 Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:
“In my wigwam I am lonely.
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
130 An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,
All this wampum, all these feathers,
On a single throw will venture
135 All against the young man yonder!”
’Twas a youth of sixteen summers,
’Twas a nephew of Iagoo;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.
As the fire burns in a pipe-head
140 Dusky red beneath the ashes,
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.
“Ugh!” he answered very fiercely;
“Ugh!” they answered all and each one.
145 Seized the wooden bowl the old man,
Closely in his bony fingers
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,
Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
150 As he threw them down before him.
Red were both the great Kenabeeks,
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,
Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,
155 White alone the fish, the Keego;
Only five the pieces counted!
Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;
Lightly in the air he tossed them,

- 160 And they fell about him scattered;
Dark and bright, the Ozawabeeks,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,
165 Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Stood alone among the players,
Saying, "Five tens! mine the game is!"
Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,
170 As he turned and left the wigwam,
Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
175 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.
"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pointing with his fan of feathers,
"To my wigwam far to eastward,
180 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"
Hot and red with smoke and gambling
Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant summer morning.
185 All the birds were singing gayly,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,
190 As he wandered through the village,
In the early gray of morning,
With his fan of turkey-feathers,
With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,
Till he reached the farthest wigwam,

195 Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.
 Silent was it and deserted;
 No one met him at the doorway,
 No one came to bid him welcome;
 But the birds were singing round it,
200 In and out and round the doorway,
 Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,
 And aloft upon the ridge-pole
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 Sat with fiery eyes, and screaming,
205 Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.

 "All are gone! the lodge is empty!"
 Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 In his heart resolving mischief;
 "Gone is wary Hiawatha,
210 Gone the silly Laughing Water,
 Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
 And the lodge is left unguarded!"

 By the neck he seized the raven,
 Whirled it round him like a rattle,
215 Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
 Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
 From the ridge-pole of the wigwam
 Left its lifeless body hanging,
 As an insult to its master,
220 As a taunt to Hiawatha.

 With a stealthy step he entered,
 Round the lodge in wild disorder
 Threw the household things about him,
 Piled together in confusion
225 Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
 Robes of buffalo and beaver,
 Skins, of otter, lynx, and ermine,
 As an insult to Nokomis,
 As a taunt to Minnehaha.

230 Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Whistling, singing through the forest,
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn shells upon him,
235 Singing gayly to the woodbirds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands,
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,
240 Perched himself upon their summit,
Waiting full of mirth and mischief
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;
Far below him plashed the waters,
245 Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;
Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
250 Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,
Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there,
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
Threw their bodies down the headland,
255 Threw them on the beach below him,
Till at length Kayoshk the sea-gull,
Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!
He is slaying us by hundreds!
260 Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

XVII

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

Full of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
5 All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered
Words of anger and resentment,
10 Hot and humming like a hornet.

"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he,
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
15 That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
20 Through the forest, where he passed it,
To the headlands where he rested:
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry bushes,
25 Found the couch where he had rested,
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,
30 Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;

And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountain:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
35 Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain you!"

Over rock and over river,
Through bush, and brake, and forest,
40 Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
45 That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
50 Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.
55 From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
60 O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise:

"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
65 Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,

Let me rest there in your lodges;
Change me, too, into a beaver!"

70 Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer:

"Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers."

Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he as a stone sinks,
75 Down among the leaves and branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Spouted through the chinks below him,
80 Dashed upon the stones beneath him,
Spread serene and calm before him,
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little shining patches,
85 Through the waving, rustling branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
90 Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise:
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from danger,
95 Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,
He the King of all the beavers,
100 "Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
105 Black his moccasins and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
110 "Make me large and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."
"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
115 Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
120 Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine;
Found the lodge with arching doorway,
Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,
125 Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.
"You shall be our ruler," said they.
"Chief and King of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis
130 Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!
135 Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,

140 Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,
145 Sprang the beavers through the doorway,
Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
150 He was puffed with pride and feeding,
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
155 Vain your manifold disguises!
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,
Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
160 Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
165 Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,
Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam,
170 Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,
When the wintry wind is blowing;

175 Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
180 Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest;
Toward the squares of white beyond it,
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
185 Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,
190 Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,
Steering through the reedy islands.
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,
195 Now they plunged beneath the water,
Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,
"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he,
200 "Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."

205 Straightway to a brant they changed him,
With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,

With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
210 Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,
With a whirl and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
215 From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
“In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed, and look not downward,
Lest some strange mischance should happen,
220 Lest some great mishap befall you!”

Fast and far they fled to northward,
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,
Fed among the moors and fenlands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.
225 On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,
Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,
Rose a sound of human voices,
230 Rose a clamor from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
235 Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis, heard the shouting
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
240 Knew the outcry of Iagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,

Drew his neck in, and looked downward,
And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

245 All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round and round and downward,
He beheld in turn the village
250 And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter;
255 Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
260 Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
265 And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: "Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
270 But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize him,
His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
275 Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,

Danced the dust and leaves about him,
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
280 Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
285 Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind;
290 On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.

295 And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
300 In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against him,
305 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"

But the Old Man of the Mountain
310 Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,

From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
315 Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains;
320 And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
325 Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
330 Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis?"
And the crags fell, and beneath them
Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
335 Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
340 All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
345 Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;

Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;
But above there in the heavens
350 You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."
355 And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snowflakes
360 Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;
He is dancing through the village,
365 He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII

THE DEATH OF KWASIND

Far and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,
No man could compete with Kwasind.
5 But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
They the fairies and the pygmies,
Plotted and conspired against him.
"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,

10 "If this great outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
15 What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?
He will tread us down like mushrooms,
Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
20 By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the water!"

So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,
All conspired to murder Kwasind,
25 Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind
In his crown alone was seated;
30 In his crown too was his weakness;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon
35 That could wound him, that could slay him,
Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
Known to no man among mortals,
40 But the cunning Little People,
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,
Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,

45 Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,
Where the red rocks from the margin
50 Jutting overhang the river.
There they lay in wait for Kwasind,
The malicious Little People.

 'Twas an afternoon in Summer;
Very hot and still the air was,
55 Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows;
Insects glistened in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,
60 With a far resounding war-cry.

 Down the river came the Strong Man,
In his birch canoe came Kwasind,
Floating slowly down the current
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
65 Very languid with the weather,
Very sleepy with the silence.

 From the overhanging branches,
From the tassels of the birch-trees,
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;
70 By his airy hosts surrounded,
His invisible attendants,
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin;
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,
Like a dragon-fly he hovered
75 O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

 To his ear there came a murmur
As of waves upon a seashore,
As of far-off tumbling waters,
As of winds among the pine-trees;

80 And he felt upon his forehead
Blows of little airy war-clubs,
Wielded by the slumbrous legions
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
As of someone breathing on him.

85 At the first blow of their war-clubs,
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;
At the second blow they smote him,
Motionless his paddle rested;
At the third, before his vision
90 Reeled the landscape into darkness,
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,
Like a blind man seated upright,
Floated down the Taquamenaw,
95 Underneath the trembling birch-trees,
Underneath the wooded headlands,
Underneath the war encampment
Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,
100 Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,
On his crown defenceless struck him.
"Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden
War-cry of the Little People.

105 And he sideways swayed and tumbled,
Sideways fell into the river,
Plunged beneath the sluggish water
Headlong, as an otter plunges;
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,
110 Drifted empty down the river,
Bottom upward swerved and drifted;
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man
Lingered long among the people,

115 And whenever through the forest
 Raged and roared the wintry tempest,
 And the branches, tossed and troubled,
 Creaked and groaned and split asunder,
 “Kwasind!” cried they; “that is Kwasind!”
120 He is gathering in his fire-wood!”

XIX

THE GHOSTS

 Never stoops the soaring vulture
 On his quarry in the desert,
 On the sick or wounded bison,
 But another vulture, watching
5 From his high aerial look-out,
 Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
 And a third pursues the second,
 Coming from the invisible ether;
 First a speck, and then a vulture,
10 Till the air is dark with pinions.
 So disasters come not singly;
 But as if they watched and waited,
 Scanning one another's motions,
 When the first descends, the others
15 Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
 Round their victim, sick and wounded,
 First a shadow, then a sorrow,
 Till the air is dark with anguish.
 Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,
20 Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
 Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
 Into stone had changed their waters.

From his hair he shook the snowflakes,
Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,
25 One uninterrupted level,
As if, stooping, the Creator
With his hands had smoothed them over.

Through the forest, wide and wailing,
Roamed the hunter on his snowshoes;
30 In the village worked the women,
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-skin,
And the young men played together
On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snowshoes.

35 One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.

40 On their faces gleamed the firelight,
Painting them with streaks of crimson,
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water
45 Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their shadows
In the corners of the wigwam.
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.

50 Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,
As two women entered softly,
55 Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,

Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

60 From their aspect and their garments,
Strangers seemed they in the village;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering, with the shadows.

65 Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:

70 "These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!"

Homeward now came Hiawatha
75 From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders,
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden;
80 Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her,
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.

85 Then he turned and saw the strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the shadows,
Said within himself, "Who are they?
What strange guests has Minnehaha?"
But he questioned not the strangers,
90 Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,

- And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
95 Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha;
100 Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.
Not a word spake Hiawatha,
105 Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water;
Not a change came o'er their features;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, "They are famished;
110 Let them do what best delights them;
Let them eat, for they are famished."
Many a daylight dawned and darkened,
Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shakes off the snowflakes
115 From the midnight of its branches;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
120 Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.
And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
125 When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,

Came the pallid guests, the strangers,
Seized upon the choicest portions
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and stranger,
That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam, dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering firelight,
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow,

From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: "O guests! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,

Failed in hospitable duties?"

165 Then the shadows ceased from weeping,
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said, with gentle voices:

"We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibiabos
170 Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.

"Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;
Cries of anguish from the living,
175 Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.

Therefore have we come to try you;
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
180 And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and forever
185 They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury,
190 Not such weight of furs and wampum,
Not such weight of pots and kettles,
For the spirits faint beneath them.
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.

195 "Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments;

Four times must their fires be lighted.
Therefore, when the dead are buried,
200 Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful firelight,
May not grope about in darkness.

205 "Farewell, noble Hiawatha!
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions.
210 We have found you great and noble,
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
215 Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night air,
220 For a moment saw the starlight;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX

THE FAMINE

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
5 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
10 Could the hunter force a passage,
With his mittens and his snowshoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
15 In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
20 O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
25 Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
30 Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
35 In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"

40 And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
45 Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

50 Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
55 Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
60 Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snowshoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
65 "Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,
70 Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer

Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
75 "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
80 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs:
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
85 And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
90 With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
95 Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

100 "Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
105 "'T is the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,

I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

110

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

115

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!

120

Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!

125

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha,
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

130

135

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

140

145 With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

150 Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her.
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine;
Covered her with snow, like ermine,
155 Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
160 From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
165 Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
170 All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
175 Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow

180 To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

XXI

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely,
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
5 Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
10 As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.
All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
15 As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
20 Bound and plumed with scented grasses;
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness,
25 "Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,
"Happy are my eyes to see you,

Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together,
30 Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have traveled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
35 Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
40 Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
45 Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
50 Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
55 Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
60 For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,

All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flint-stone!"

65 "When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
70 Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
75 All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed:
From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
80 Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
85 And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

90 And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,
95 As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled

As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
100 And the young man saw before him,
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,
Saw the beauty of the Spring-time,
105 Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the Northland
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
110 All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
115 Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;
120 And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows.
125 Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the the robin, Opechee,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omeme,
130 And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,

Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
135 Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning;
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
140 The great traveler, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
145 Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise:
“Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!”

He had seen, he said, a water
150 Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
155 Smiled, and said, “It cannot be so!
Kaw!” they said, “It cannot be so;”

O’er it, said he, o’er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
160 Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
“Kaw!” they said, “we don’t believe it!”

165 From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,

Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;

170 "Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors:
Painted white were all their faces
And with hair their chins were covered!

175

And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.

180 "Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting;

185 "True is all Iagoo tells us;

I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

190

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Whereso'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,

195

200

Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

205 "Let us welcome then the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship,
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Maniŋto, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

210 "I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
215 Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
220 Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloudlike:
I beheld our nation scattered,
225 All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
230 Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

XXII

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumeë,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,

At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
5 Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
10 Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
15 From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
20 Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow,
25 With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

30 Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
35 As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.
O'er the water floating, flying,

Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
40 Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer,
Was it Shingebis the diver?
Was it the pelican, the Shada?
45 Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing,
From its glossy neck and feathers?
It was neither goose nor diver,
50 Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking, on the water,
55 Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
60 He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-Face,
With his guides and his companions.
And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
65 Waited full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
70 With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.
Then the joyous Hiawatha

Cried aloud and spake in this wise:

75 "Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you,
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

80 "Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
85 Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
90 Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
95 Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
100 Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
105 And the careful, old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,

And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

110

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;

115

"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

120

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,

125

Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"

130

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;

135

How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

140

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have listened to your message,

We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
145 It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
150 Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
155 With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
160 Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena!
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
165 Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
170 Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
175 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,

On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
180 To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest Wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
185 See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,
190 Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
195 Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
200 Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
205 On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
210 And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,

Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
215 One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
220 Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
225 Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
230 And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
235 Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fenlands
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
240 Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
245 To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

VOCABULARY

Ad jǐ dau'mo, the red squirrel.
 Ah deek', the reindeer.
 Ah ko sē'wīn, fever.
 Ah meek', the King of Beavers.
 Ah'mo, the bee.

Al gǒn'quin, Al gǒn'kin, see
 Notes.

An nē mē'kee, the thunder.

A pūk'wa, a bulrush.

Bā im wa'wa, the sound of
 thunder.

Bē mah'gūt, the grape vine.

Bē'nā, the pheasant.

Bū ka da'win, a famine.

Ca mǎn'ches, see Notes.

Chee maun', a birch canoe.

Chēt ō wāik', the plover.

Chǐ bǐ a'bōs, (Kǐ bǐ a'bos,) a
 musician; friend of Hiawatha;
 ruler in the Land of Spirits.

Chǒc'taws, see Notes.

Da cō'tah, see Notes.

Da hǐn'da, the bullfrog.

Dēl'a wares, see Notes.

Dūsh kwō nē'she or Kwō nē'she,
 the dragon-fly.

E'sa, shame upon you.

Es cō na'ba, see Notes.

E wa yeā, a lullaby.

Ghee'zis, Gee'zis, the sun.

Git'chē Gū'mee, the Big-Sea-
 Water, Lake Superior.

Git'chē Mǎn'i tō, the Great
 Spirit; the Master of Life.

Gūs kē wau', the darkness.

Hi au ha', hi ō ha'.

Hi a wa'tha (Hē a wa'tha), the
 prophet; the teacher; son of
 Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind,
 and Wenonah, daughter of
 Nokomis.

Hu'rons, see Notes.

I a'goo (E ä'goo), a great boaster
 and story-teller.

I nǐn'ē wūg, men or pawns in
 the Game of the Bowl.

Ish koo dah', fire; a comet.

Jee'bǐ, a ghost; a spirit.

Jōss'a keed, a prophet.

Kā'bē yūn, the West-Wind.

Ka bǐ bō nōk'ka, the North-
 Wind.

Kāgh, the hedgehog.

Ka'gō, do not.

Kah gah gee', the raven.

Kaw, no.

Ka ween', no indeed.

Kāy ōshk', the sea-gull.

Kee'gō, a fish.

Kee wāy'dǐn, the Northwest
 Wind; the Home-Wind.

Kēn a'beek, a serpent.

Keneu (kēn u'), a great war-
 eagle.

Kēn ō'zha, the pickerel.

Kō'kō-kō'hō, the owl.

Kun tas soo', the Game of
 Plum-stones.

Kwā'sǐnd, the Strong Man.

Kwō-nē'she or Dūsh-kwō-nē'-
 she, the dragon-fly.

Mahn ah bē'zee, the swan.
 Mahng, the loon.
 Mahn-gō-tāy'see, loon-hearted;
 brave.
 Mah nō mō'nee, wild rice.
 Mä'ma, the woodpecker.
 Man'dans, see Notes.
 Män'i to, Guardian Spirit.
 Mäs kën ō'zha, the pike.
 Mē'da, a medicine-man.
 Mě dā'min, the art of healing.
 Mee nah'ga, the blueberry.
 Mēg is sōg'wōn, the great Pearl-
 Feather, a magician, and the
 Manito of Wealth.
 Mēsh ī nau'wa, a pipe-bearer.
 Mīn jē kah'wūn, Hiawatha's
 mittens.
 Mīn nē wa'wa, a pleasant sound,
 as of the wind in the trees.
 Mīsh ē Mō'kwā, the Great Bear.
 Mīsh ē Nah'ma, the Great Stur-
 geon, King of Fishes.
 Mīs kō deed', the Spring Beauty;
 the *Claytonia Virginica*.
 Mit chē Man'i tō, the Spirit of
 Evil.
 Mō'hawks, see Notes.
 Mōn dā'min, Indian corn.
 Mūd je kee'wis, the West-Wind,
 father of Hiawatha.
 Mūd wāy-aush'ka, the sound of
 waves on a shore.
 Mūsh kō dā'sa, the grouse.
 Mūs'kō day, the meadow.
 Nä'gōw Wūdj'ō, the Sand Dunes
 of Lake Superior.
 Nah'ma, the sturgeon.
 Nah ma-wūsk', the spearmint.
 Nā wā dā'hā, the singer.
 Nee-ba-naw'bāigs, water spirits.

Nē nē moo'sha, sweetheart.
 Nē pāh'win, sleep.
 Nō kō'mīs, a grandmother;
 mother of Wenonah.
 Nō'sa, my father.
 Nush'ka, look! look!
 O dāh'mīn, the strawberry.
 O jeeg', the Summer-Maker.
 O jīb'wāys, or Chīp'pe wās, see
 Notes.
 O ka hāh'wīs, the fresh-water
 herring.
 O'ma hās, see Notes.
 O mē'me, the pigeon.
 O nā'gōn, a bowl.
 On a wāy', awake.
 O pē'chee, the robin.
 Os sē'ō, Son of the Evening Star.
 O wāis' sa, the bluebird.
 O wee nee', wife of Osseo.
 O za wa'beek, a round piece of
 brass or copper in the Game
 of the Bowl.
 Pah-pūk-kee'na, the grasshopper.
 Pai mo said' (pī mo sēd'), a thief
 of cornfields.
 Pau'gūk, Death.
 Pau-pūk-kee'wis, the handsome
 Yenadizze, the Storm Fool.
 Pau wā'ting, Sault Sainte Marie.
 Pawnees', see Notes.
 Pearl-Feather, the magician;
 manito of wealth and wampum.
 Pē'bō ān, Winter.
 Pēm'ī cān, meat of the deer or
 buffalo dried and pounded.
 Pēz hē ke', the bison.
 Pīsh nē kuh', the brant.
 Pō nē'mah, the land of the Here-
 after.

Pū ga sāing', Game of the Bowl.
 Pūg ga wau'gūn, a war club.
 Pūk wā'na, the smoke of the
 Peace-Pipe.

Pūk-wūd'j' ies, pygmies; little
 wild men of the woods.

Sāh-sāh-jē'wūn, rapids.

Sah'wa, the perch.

Sēb ō wīsh'a, the brook.

Sēg wūn', Spring.

Shā'da, the pelican.

Shah bō'mīn, the gooseberry.

Shah-shah, long ago.

Shau gō dā'ya, a coward.

Shaw ga shee', the craw-fish.

Sha wōn dā'see, the South-Wind.

Shaw-shaw, the swallow.

Shēsh'ēb wūg, ducks; pieces in
 the Game of the Bowl.

Shīn'gē bīs, the diver or grebe.

Shō'shōn iēs, see Notes.

Shō wāin' ne meē'shīn, pity me.

Shuh-shuh'gah, the blue heron.

Sōan ge tā'ha, strong-hearted.

Sub bē kā'she, the spider.

Sug ge'ma (sū je'ma), the mos-
 quito.

Tā quā mē'naw, see Notes.

Tā wā sēn'tha, see Notes.

Tūs ca loo'sa, see Notes.

Ugh, yes.

U gud wash', the sunfish.

Unk ta hee', the God of Water.

Wa bās'sō, the rabbit; the North.

Wa bē'nō, a magician; a juggler.

Wa bē'nō-wūsk, yarrow.

Wa'būn, the East-Wind.

Wa'būn An'nūng, the Star of the
 East, the Morning Star.

Wā'ge mīn, the thief of corn-
 fields.

Wāhō nō'mīn, cry of lamentation.

Wah-wah-tāy'see, the firefly.

Wam'pūm, beads of shell.

Wau bē wy'ōn, a white skin
 wrapper.

Wa'wa, the wild goose.

Waw'beek, a rock.

Waw-bē-wa'wa, the white goose.

Wa wōn āis' sa, the whippoor-
 will.

Wāy-mūk-kwa'na, the cater-
 pillar.

Wāy was'sī mō, the lightning.

Wēn'dī gōes, the giants.

Wē nō'nah, Hiawatha's mother,
 daughter of Nokomis.

Wy ō'mīng, see Notes.

Yēn a dīz'ze, an idler and gam-
 bler; an Indian dandy.

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

"The Song of Hiawatha" is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a person of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among the different tribes by several names, one of them being that chosen by Longfellow — Hiawatha.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shores of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

The Pictured Rocks are a series of sandstone cliffs, varying in height from fifty feet to nearly three hundred, extending along the shore of Lake Superior, in Alger County, Michigan, about forty-five miles east of Marquette. They are worn into singular forms by the action of wind and water.

The Grand Sable is the name of the great sand dunes of Lake Superior. They have a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. At the top, there are rounded hillocks of blown sand, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in a desert.

8 *Reverberations*. Reverberation is the returning or casting back of a sound.

13 *Ojibways*. (Or Chippewas.) A large tribe of North American Indians, who formerly occupied the territory along the north and south shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, extending west across Northern Minnesota to the Turtle Mountains of North Dakota.

14 *Dacotahs*. (Or Sioux.) A division of the Siouan stock of North American Indians, composed of the Dacotah proper and the Assiniboin. They occupied what is now Montana and the neighboring part of British Northwest Territory; also North and South Dakota and Minnesota.

28 *Eyry* (Aery.) The nest of a bird of prey, as an eagle, a hawk, etc.

41 *Vale of Tawasentha*. This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

73 *Palisades* Fences made of strong palings or stakes set firmly in the ground, forming an enclosure; used as a defense.

THE PEACE-PIPE

1 *Mountains of the Prairie.* Coteau des prairie (ko' to da pra' ri). An elevated region or swell in the prairies of North and South Dakota, separating the basin of the Mississippi River from that of the Missouri. At the head of the Blue Earth River it gradually falls to the level of the surrounding country.

2 *Red Pipe-Stone Quarry.* A quarry in Pipestone County in southwestern Minnesota. In this quarry is found the red clay-stone, used by North American Indians for making pipes, and called catlinite, for George Catlin, the American traveler. "Here happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here also the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage. The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red — that it was their flesh — that they must use it for their pipes of peace — that it belonged to them all and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground."

3 *Gitché Manito.* The Great Spirit. The Indians, learning of God from the Jesuit missionaries, associated Him with Gitché Manito. The early missionaries could not find a word in any Indian language to express the idea of God.

23 *Bark of willow.* This was sometimes used alone for smoking, and sometimes mixed with the tobacco. The Indians thought the flavor of the tobacco was improved by such mixing.

30 *Calumet.* A large pipe, called also by the whites the pipe of peace, because it was always smoked when making treaties or entertaining strangers. The meaning was the same in all cases: an exchange and pledge of faith between the parties who joined in the smoking. In all parts of the country the calumet was much larger and handsomer than the ordinary pipe.

43 *Valley of Wyoming.* In northern Pennsylvania. It was the scene of a terrible massacre in 1778.

44 *Groves of Tuscaloosa.* A part of Alabama, named from an Indian chief who was defeated by De Soto, in 1540.

60-65 These are representative tribes of North American Indians. The *Delawares* occupied the valley of the Delaware River in Pennsylvania, and the greater part of New Jersey and Delaware. They were classed as a tribe, but were in many respects a confederacy. The *Mo-*

hawks had their village along the valley of the Mohawk River in New York, but they claimed the territory north to the St. Lawrence River and south to the Delaware River watershed and the Catskill Mountains. The *Choctaws* occupied the country now forming the western part of Alabama and the southern part of Mississippi. About 1800 they began to emigrate beyond the Mississippi. The *Camanches* (or Comanches) were formerly neighbors of the Shoshoni, in Western Wyoming. The *Shoshonies* were the most northerly division of the Shoshonean stock of North American Indians, and had their chief seat in the Snake River Region of Idaho. The *Blackfeet* belonged to the Algonquin division of North American Indians. The *Pawnees* were formerly in Nebraska and Kansas. The *Omaha*, belonged to the Dhegiha, a division of the Siouan stock of North American Indians. They are now in Eastern Nebraska. The *Mandans* were also one of the Siouan divisions. The *Hurons* (or Wyandots) when first known, occupied a narrow territory between Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe in Ontario. They afterward spread along the south and west shores of Lake Erie. They were named "Huron" by the French. For *Objibways* and *Dacotahs*, see Notes 13 and 14, page 237.

92 *Abysses*. Bottomless pits; deep, immeasurable spaces.

103 *Brant*. The brent-goose, a small goose inhabiting most of the northern hemisphere.

THE FOUR WINDS

4 *Wampum*. Shells and shell beads, used as money and worn for ornaments in strings and belts by the North American Indians.

140 *Loon*. A diving bird, known as the great northern diver.

141 *Cormorant and heron*. The cormorant is a diving bird, which feeds greedily upon fish. The heron is a wading bird.

142 *Sedge and sea-tang*. Sedge is coarse grass growing in swamps. Sea-tang (tangle) is a kind of sea-weed.

243 *Moon when nights are brightest*. April.

244 *Moon of Snowshoes*. November.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

65 *Big-Sea-Water*. Lake Superior.

76 *Linden cradle*. The Indian cradle was regarded with great pride by the Indian mother. The frame consisted of three pieces — the board which supported the back, the hoop or foot-board, which extended tapering up each side, and the arch or bow, which sprung from each side and protected the face and head. These were tied together with deer sinews. The whole structure was very light, and was carved by the men with a knife out of the linden or maple tree.

- 80 *The Naked Bear.* The "Great Bear of the Mountains," the bugbear among the Indians.
- 90 *Death-Dance of the Spirits.* The Northern Lights.
- 94 *Broad, white road.* The Milky Way.
- 205 *Flecked.* Spotted or streaked.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

- 47 *Jasper.* A variety of quartz having many shades. When polished it is made into ornamental articles.
- 70 *Esconaba.* A river in northern Michigan.
- 104 *Prowess.* Bravery.
- 106 *Indomitable.* Untamable.
- 107 *Invulnerable.* Without any weak point; cannot be wounded or injured.
- 124 *Benignant.* Kind and gracious; favorable.
- 209 *Flamingo.* A long-legged, web-footed bird of brilliant red color.
- 257 *Falls of Minnehaha.* These falls are in the Minnehaha River, a small stream running into the Mississippi between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony. Minnehaha is the Sioux for Laughing Water, and in giving this name to Hiawatha's wife, Longfellow chose for her a Sioux name, while Hiawatha is an Iroquois name, and the poem itself is based on legends of the Ojibway.
- 262 *Chalcedony.* A variety of quartz, resembling in color milk diluted with water.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

2 *Prayed and fasted.* When the Indian youth reached the proper age he was taken to the woods and shut up, day and night, for some weeks, in a sort of pen made for this purpose. All this time neither food nor drink was given him. This treatment was supposed to make the young warrior forget the follies of his childhood, and to fit him for taking an active and dignified part in his tribe.

- 13 *Moon of Leaves.* May.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

- 27 *Girdled.* Cut a complete circle round the tree.
- 75 *Fissure.* A crack.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

- 94 *Eddies.* Small whirlpools.
- 121 *Swallowed.* Compare this with the Bible story of Jonah and the whale given in the Book of Jonah; also the Norse story of Thor's fishing.

- 209 *Craws*. The craw is the crop, or stomach, of a bird.
 215 *Pallid*. Pale.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER

- 13 *Ambush*. Lying in wait to attack by surprise.
 37 *Pestilential vapors*. Hurtful and deadly mists that brought disease.
 67 *Hurtled*. Moved with force and violence.
 106 *Flags*. Plants growing mostly in moist places; particularly the common species of Iris.
 107 *Stagnant*. Water not flowing or running in a stream.
 110 *Fires by ghosts*, etc. After the burial of a body, the Indians lighted a fire on the grave for four nights. That was the time required for the journey to Spirit-land. If friends did not light the fire the Spirit was obliged to gather the fuel and make the fire, thus delaying the journey.
 165 *Crested*. Having the head adorned with plumes or feathers.
 169 *Derision*. Scorn; contempt.
 204 *Dead-man's Moccasin-leather*. A plant of fungus growth, like the mushroom or toadstool.
 205 *Fungus*. Plants not having any chlorophyl, or green coloring, and without flowers.
 251 *Trophy*. Something to be kept in memory of a victory.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

- 21 *Dissuading*. Advising against.
 60 *Interminable*. Without limit; endless.
 90 *Plaiting mats*. The mats were woven from grasses and rushes, and then dyed with bright colors, the Indians making their own dyes.
 153 *Bass-wood*. Wood from the American lime, or linden, tree.
 272 *Imperious*. Lordly; domineering.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

- I *Pau-Puk-Keewis*. This is the Indian idea of a wild and reckless character.
 13 *Sumptuous*. Expensive; costly.
 31 *Pemican*. A preparation made of the lean parts of venison dried by the sun or wind, pounded into a paste, with melted fat, and tightly pressed into cakes. It is now made of beef, for special use in Arctic expeditions. In this form it is easily preserved and keeps for a long time.

65 *Bowl and Counters.* This was the principal game of hazard among the northern tribes. It was played with thirteen pieces shook together in a wooden bowl.

160 *Moon of Strawberries.* June.

240 *Evening Star.* Venus.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

3 *Red Swan.* There is an Indian legend of three brothers who agreed one day that each was to go out and kill the animal he was in the habit of hunting. The youngest, Ojibwa, had killed a bear, and as he was beginning to skin it, the air around was suddenly filled with a red light. On following the strange noises which he heard, he saw a beautiful red swan in a lake. After shooting all his arrows at it in vain, he went home and got three magic arrows left by his father. With the last one he wounded the bird, and it flew away. He followed it, meeting with many adventures on the way, and found the Red Swan to be the beautiful daughter of a magician. He at last won her for his bride by recovering her father's cap of wampum from his enemies.

44 *Flouted.* Insulted; treated them with scorn.

289 *Island.* The Island of Michilimackinac, or Mackinac, in the Straits of Mackinac.

298 *Shards.* Wing-covers of beetles.

307 *Pygmies.* A fabled race of dwarfs.

339 *Algonquin.* The Algonquins were a group of tribes of North American Indians of the valleys of the Ottawa River and of the northern tributaries of the St. Lawrence River.

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS

25 *'Twas the women.* The corn-planting and corn-gathering were left entirely to women and children and a few very old men. The women were not compelled to do this, but they considered it only just, as the men labored to provide meat and the skins for clothing, and defended them against their enemies. A good Indian housewife prided herself on always having plenty of corn with which to provide the lodge guests.

69 *Marauders.* Rovers who went about searching for plunder.

128 *Devastation.* Waste; destruction.

146 *Consecrated.* Set apart; made sacred.

152 *Hostage.* A pledge; a person who remains in the hands of another as a pledge for the fulfillment of certain conditions.

168 *Pinions.* Wings.

180 *Verdure.* Greenness; the fresh green of vegetation.

- 183 *Moon when leaves are falling.* September.
 202 *Gamesome.* Merry; full of sport.

PICTURE-WRITING

- 23 *Totem.* The Indian coat-of-arms. It consisted of some natural object, usually an animal, and became the emblem of a clan or family.
 33 *Pervert.* To turn aside from the true end or proper purpose.
 135 *Interpretation.* Explanation.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

- 91 *Sacred Lodge.* The wigwam where the medicine man shut himself up to consult the spirits upon the cause and cure of disease.
 92 *Appease.* To quiet or pacify; to satisfy.
 96 *Simples.* Roots and herbs used for medicines.
 108 *Spearmint.* The common garden mint.
 160 *Invocation.* The act of praying; appealing for help.
 212 *Antidotes.* Medicines which counteract the effects of poison or attacks of disease.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

- 7 *Transmigration.* The passing of the soul after death from one body into that of another.
 28 *Ojeeg.* A group of stars in the northern hemisphere was called by the Ojibway Indians, Ojeeg Annung, or the Fisher Stars.
 33 *Essayed.* Tried; attempted.
 34 *Badger.* An animal belonging to the bear family of about the same size as the fox. In color it is grayish brown above and black beneath, the head being white, with a black band on each side. It feeds upon fruit, roots, eggs, young birds, and small animals.
 40 *Wolverine.* (Or glutton.) This animal is also referred to the bear family. It is about 2 feet 6 inches long from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, the tail being about 7 or 8 inches long. Both tail and body are covered with long hair, underneath which is a rich thick fur of a chestnut brown. This fur is sometimes of considerable value, but varies in glossiness and other qualities. The wolverine's food consists of the smaller animals, and it devours young foxes in great numbers.
 68 *Vermilion.* A brilliant red coloring.

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

- 24 *Whortleberry.* A blackish berry, growing on a low bush.
 337 *Gambols.* Frolics; skipping about joyfully.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND

5 *Puk-Wudjies*. The Indian legends tell of hosts of little men called Ininees, or Puk-wudj Ininees, who inhabited the cliffs and picturesque romantic scenes.

20 *Ne-ba-naw-baigs*. These were the marine or water spirits which occupied the rivers and lakes.

26 *Audacious*. Bold; impudent.

29 *Crown alone*. Compare this with the Bible story of Samson, whose strength was in his hair.

30 *Crown too*. Compare this with the Greek story of Achilles, in whose heel was the only spot in which he would be wounded.

34 *Only weapon*. Compare this with the Norse story of Baldur, who could only be harmed by the mistletoe.

THE GHOSTS

2 *Quarry*. Any creature hunted by man or by beasts or birds of prey, especially after it has been killed.

8 *Ether*. The blue, upper air; the heavens.

55 *Uninvited*. Among the Indians the duties of hospitality were held so sacred, that anyone might walk into the wigwam and obtain food and rest.

THE FAMINE

33 *Did not parley*. Did not speak.

119 *Snow-encumbered*. Burdened with snow.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

186 *I have seen it*. Hiawatha, by the gift of prophecy, foretells the coming of the white man.

202 *White-man's Foot*. The common plantain. It was so called by the Indians because it advanced into the wilderness with the white settlers.

229 *Cloud-rack*. A mass of irregular, drifting clouds; cloud-drift.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

30 *Toward the sun*. In this manner Father Marquette was received by the Illinois.

59 *Black-Robe chief*. The Indian name for a Jesuit missionary, suggested by his dress.

130 *Purport*. Meaning.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire, England, August 6, 1809. In 1828, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won a gold medal for his poem, "Timbuctoo." After leaving college, he lived quietly at home with his family, reading much, giving all his time to his art. His poetry is noted for its beauty and strength. Some of his greatest works are "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," and "Enoch Arden." On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson was made Poet Laureate of England. He died October 6, 1892.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" was written in 1854 to commemorate the charge made by the Light Brigade on a Russian battery at Balaklava, during the Crimean War. The Light Brigade consisted of about six hundred seventy English soldiers, under Lord Cardigan, and they were ordered to make the attack against an overwhelming number of Russians.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

5 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

10 "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,

- 15 Theirs but to do and die;
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
- 20 Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
25 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.
- 30 Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
35 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not —
 Not the six hundred.
- 40 Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
45 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death

Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them —
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

NOTES

1 *League*. The English land league is equal to three English statute miles. It is a measure not now in legal use.

5 *Brigade*. A body of troops consisting of several regiments under the command of a brigadier-general.

21 *Volleyed*. Sounded all together.

27 *Sabres*. A sabre is a cavalry sword with a broad, heavy blade, usually somewhat curved and thick at the back.

32 *Battery-smoke*. A battery is a place where cannon are mounted for defense; where artillery, guns, gunners, horses and all equipments are in readiness for defence.

34 *Cossack*. The Cossacks are wild military tribes that guard the south and east borders of Russia. They are skilled horsemen, and make brave cavalry troops.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

Francis Miles Finch was born at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1827. At Yale he was the Class Poet, graduating from that college in 1849. He engaged in the practice of law, and was afterwards elected a judge. In 1892, he became dean of the law school of Cornell University.

"The Blue and the Gray," which has become a national classic, was first published in 1867. On Memorial Day of that year, at Columbus, Miss., flowers were placed upon the graves of Northern and Southern soldiers alike.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
5 Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
10 Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
15 Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours

The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers

20 Alike for the friend and the foe;

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment-day:

Under the roses, the Blue,

Under the lilies, the Gray.

25 So with an equal splendor

The morning sun-rays fall,

With a touch impartially tender,

On the blossoms blooming for all:

Under the sod and the dew;

30 Waiting the judgment-day;

Broidered with gold, the Blue,

Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,

On forest and field of grain,

35 With an equal murmur falleth

The cooling drip of the rain:

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment-day;

Wet with the rain, the Blue

40 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,

The generous deed was done,

In the storm of the years that are fading,

No braver battle was won:

45 Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the blossoms, the Blue,

Under the garlands, the Gray.

50

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

NOTES

7 *Blue*. The color of the uniform worn by the Union soldiers in the Civil War.

8 *Gray*. The color of the uniform worn by the Confederate soldiers.

15 *Laurel*. Sign of victory.

16 *Willow*. Sign of sorrow and mourning.

41 *Upbraiding*. Reproof or reproach.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Bryant is distinctly an American poet. Almost all his poetry is inspired by some aspect of the natural scenes among which he was reared. He was born in Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. After leaving Williams College, he studied law, but was never fond of the profession, preferring to devote himself to literature. When only nineteen, he wrote "Thanatopsis," but was too modest to submit it for publication. It was, however, published in 1817. Although engaged in editorial work, Bryant continued to write poetry at intervals throughout his life, and also published translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." He died June 12, 1878.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
5 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang
and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
10 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;

- 15 But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague
on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will
come,

- 20 To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

- 25 And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the
leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
30 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

NOTES

- 2 *Sere*. Dry and parched.
- 4 *Eddying*. Whirling.
- 5 *Wren*. A small bird.
- 6 *Crow*. These birds live all winter in northern latitudes.
- 13 *Wind-flower*. The anemone.
- 14 *Brier-rose*. The sweet-brier, or common wild-rose.
- 14 *Orchis*. The Latin and Greek form of *orchid*. Several varieties grow in New England, of which the lady's slipper is perhaps the best known.
- 18 *Upland*. High land, as the name implies.
- 18 *Glade*. A grassy clearing in a forest.
- 18 *Glen*. A narrow valley between the hills.
- 22 *Smoky*. The peculiar, hazy appearance of the atmosphere in autumn.
- 25 *Of one*. Bryant's sister, who died when she was a young woman. She was the poet's constant companion in his youth.
- 27 *Cast*. To shed or throw off.
- 29 *Unmeet*. Unfitting.

AMERICA

SAMUEL F. SMITH

Samuel Francis Smith, a Baptist clergyman and author, was born at Boston, Mass., October 21, 1808. After graduating from Harvard College, he studied for the ministry at the Andover Theological Seminary. While a student there he wrote "America," and it was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston. He died at Bridgeport, Conn., in 1895.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
5 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
10 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
15 And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake
Let all that breathe partake,
20 Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With Freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

NOTES

The tune of "America" was found by Dr. Smith while examining some singing books used in German schools. Following is his own account of the writing of the poem:

"In looking through the books I came to the tune to which 'America' is written. I spelled out the notes and found the tune bright and stirring. I looked down at the words at the bottom of the page and found them to be a patriotic hymn. 'Ah,' I thought, 'patriotic, that is just the tune for a patriotic hymn. America shall have one of her own.' I reached for a scrap of waste paper, and in less than an hour 'America' was written, very nearly as you see it to-day."

The noted writer and clergyman, Henry Van Dyke, has suggested adding to "America" the following stanzas:

I love thine inland seas,
 Thy groves and giant trees,
 Thy rolling plains;
 Thy river's mighty sweep,
 Thy mystic cañons deep,
 Thy mountains wild and steep,
 All thy domains.

Thy silver eastern strands,
 Thy Golden Gate that stands
 Fronting the west;
 Thy flowery southland fair,
 Thy sweet and crystal air —
 O, land beyond compare,
 Thee I love best.

TO A SKYLARK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Sussex, England, August 4, 1792, the son of a wealthy English nobleman. He was educated at Eton, and entered University College, Oxford, in 1810. A year later he was expelled from college on account of the publication of a pamphlet on Atheism. In 1816, he was married to Mary Wollstonecraft, also a writer. They went to Italy to live, hoping the mild climate would prove beneficial to Shelley, who was in poor health. On July 8, 1822, when returning from a visit to Lord Byron at Leghorn, his boat was capsized, and he was drowned in the Bay of Spezia.

"The Skylark" was composed at Leghorn in 1820. Mrs. Shelley thus wrote of the occasion: "In the spring we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends who were absent on a journey to England. It was on a beautiful summer evening while wandering among the lanes, whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark, which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems."

Hail to thee, blithe spirit —
Bird thou never wert —
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart

5 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire:

10 The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
15 Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
20 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
25 Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
30 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee!
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
35 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
40 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
45 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
50 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
55 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
60 Joyous, and fresh and clear, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
65 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,

Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt —
70 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
75 What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
80 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking, or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
85 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
90 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
95 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
100 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
105 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

NOTES

- 5 *Unpremeditated*. Not thought of beforehand.
22 *Silver sphere*. The moon. "Arrows of that silver sphere" is a reference to Diana, the moon-goddess, who is usually represented as a huntress carrying a quiver full of arrows.
55 *Heavy-winged thieves*. Honey bees.
56 *Vernal*. Spring.
66 *Chorus hymeneal*. Marriage song. Hymeneal is from Hymen, the god of marriage. Shelley is fond of alluding to mythology.
80 *Satiety*. Fullness.
89 *Fraught*. Freight; loaded.

THE BROOK

LORD TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

5 By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

10 Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

15 I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

20 With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

- 25 I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

 And here and there a foamy flake
30 Upon me as I travel,
 With many a silvery water-break,
 Above the golden gravel,

 And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river;
35 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
- I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
40 I loiter round my cresses.
- And out again I curve and flow,
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

NOTES

- 1 *Coot and hern.* (Hern, heron.) These are water birds.
2 *Sally.* A sudden rush or springing forth.
4 *Bicker.* To move rapidly and noisily.
7 *Thorps.* Groups of houses standing together in the country; a village.
15 *Eddying.* Whirling; causing small whirlpools.
18 *Fallow.* Plowed land that has been left unplanted.
19 *Foreland.* A point of land running into the sea.
20 *Mallow.* A plant having soft, downy leaves.
28 *Grayling.* A fresh-water fish of the salmon family.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Samuel Woodworth, an American writer and journalist, was born in Scituate, Mass., January 13, 1785. He was one of the founders of the *Mirror*, a paper published in New York. Among his writings were several operettas and dramatic pieces, but he is best known for his poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket." He died in New York City, December 9, 1842.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy new!
5 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
10 The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
15 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
20 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet, from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
25 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
30 The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

NOTES

1 *Scenes.* The scene of "The Old Oaken Bucket" is at Greenbush, a village in Plymouth County, Mass.

7 *Dairy-house.* The place where milk and cream are kept and made into butter.

15 *Ardent.* Eager.

23 *Blushing goblet.* A goblet is a glass having a stem or foot. This is a reference to a glass of wine.

24 *Revelry.* Merrymaking; wild feasting.

25 *Habitation.* Home.

26 *Intrusively.* Without being bidden.

27 *Reverts.* Turns back.

THE STORY OF DAVID AND JONATHAN

MYLES ENDICOTT

From "Stories of the Bible"

King Saul began his reign nobly as King of the Israelites; for the inspiration of God was upon him. But, alas, he tired all too soon of doing right, and fell back into his own selfish ways.

5 Then the Philistines rose in great numbers against the Israelites. Saul himself was terrified; and he called the people together and bade them come with him to Gilgal, for Samuel had so directed them.

Samuel did not go to Gilgal with the people; but he
10 promised to come on the seventh day and offer sacrifices.

The seventh day came, but Samuel did not appear. Messengers were sent out, but they could not see him upon the road. Then Saul grew impatient. "We will wait no longer!" he cried. "Give me the lamb, and I myself will
15 offer the sacrifice!"

Now this was against the law; for no one but the priests and prophets could offer sacrifices.

And so, when Samuel came and saw the smoke rising from the altar, he groaned and said, "What hast thou done, O
20 Saul! Now will thy kingdom be taken from thee; for God no longer approves thy ways."

But Saul called his army together, and they went out against the Philistines.

Now, Saul had a son whose name was Jonathan; and when
25 he saw the Philistines waiting in their tents, he called to his armor-bearer, and said, "Let us go up to the Philistines and

fight them. They are stronger than we, but we can conquer them if only we trust in the Lord."

So Jonathan and his armor-bearer went towards the great army.

5 The enemy laughed when they saw these two youths coming towards them. But Jonathan pressed on up the steep, narrow path and over sharp, rough rocks.

When these two had reached the top of the hill, they began to fight — these two alone, against the great army. Twenty
10 men already had they slain, when a great rumbling was heard in the ground beneath their feet. The earth shook; and the Philistines terrified, turned and fled.

Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, the rumbling came; the Philistines ran in all directions; and so great was the con-
15 fusion as they ran, that they fell upon each other; and so thousands were trampled to death. Thus were the Philistines defeated.

But Saul grew more and more a king, proud in his own strength, and forgetting the God of Israel.

20 Once God bade him go against a heathen people, who, in all these years, would not repent, and slay them every one and all the cattle with them. Saul went against them and conquered them; but the king he brought to his own country, and many of the cattle he saved for his own use.

25 "O Saul, Saul!" Samuel cried; "why hast thou disobeyed?" But Saul caught at Samuel's garment, begging him not to go away. The garment rent in his grasp, however, and Samuel went away, prophesying, "So, O Saul, shall thy kingdom be rent in twain!"

30 But Saul would not listen. Day after day he disobeyed; till at last God spoke to Samuel and said, "Go thou to the house of Jesse. Take with you a horn of oil; and thou shalt find there a son of Jesse, whom thou shalt anoint as king."

Samuel obeyed; and when he had come to the house of
35 Jesse, he bade the people prepare for sacrifice. Now Jesse

had eight sons, and seven of them came to the sacrifice. The oldest son was tall and strong and manly looking.

"Surely this must be the man, so noble looking is he," thought Samuel.

5 But God made no answer; and though Samuel's heart went out to this oldest son, he knew it was not he whom God meant should be anointed. And as the other six sons came forward, Samuel asked of God, "Is this the one?"

Still there came no answer. "Have you another son?"

10 Samuel asked of Jesse, when the seven had passed on.

"One other — David," Jesse answered; "but he is upon the hillsides watching the sheep."

"Let him be brought," Samuel said.

Then David was brought, a beautiful youth, and one who
15 could sing sweet songs and make sweet music upon the harp; but little had he ever thought of kingly honors.

As he entered into the presence of Samuel, then God's voice spoke. "This is the one," the voice said; and Samuel poured the oil upon his head and anointed him as the king
20 to come.

Now, while David watched his sheep upon the hillsides, and played wonderful music upon the harp he himself had made, Saul dwelt in his house, wretched and unhappy. Every day he grew more rebellious, more unhappy and cruel.

25 "Let us bring someone to our master," his people said, "who can make sweet music; maybe it would comfort him."

And it was in this way that David was brought to Saul; the beautiful, fair-haired David, whose face was like sunshine and whose voice was full of melody.

30 And he came and sang to Saul. And as Saul listened and looked upon the sweet-faced singer, the evil in his heart faded away. Joy came again; and for a time Saul turned again to the right and good.

But it was only for a time; and when temptation came again,
35 Saul fell, and again the disapproval of God was upon him.

Again the Philistines came against the Israelites. They had pitched their tents upon a high mountain; and when the Israelites saw them, they pitched their tents upon another high mountain across the valley.

5 Now the Philistines had over them a most terrible giant leader, named Goliath. He was taller than any man the Israelites had ever seen. He was covered with a thick armor, which shone in the sunlight like brass; and he bore a sword, and a spear, and a shield so heavy that no man but Goliath
10 could have lifted it from the ground.

This great giant, with a voice like thunder, came out from the Philistines and cried, "Why do you come to fight against us? Choose a man from among your people, and let him come and kill me if he can!"

15 The Israelites trembled with fear when they heard the giant's voice; and no man among them, not even Saul himself, dared go out to meet him.

But one day Jesse said to David, who was at home watching his sheep, "Leave thy sheep to-day, and go to the camp and
20 see how it fares with thy brothers. Carry to them this corn and bread, and to their leader take these ten cheeses."

David hurried away; and, as he came to where the army lay, he heard a great shout; for the Israelites were about to go into battle.

25 But as he drew near, again Goliath came out and thundered, "Why do you fight against us? Send out one man who shall meet me in battle and slay me if he can!"

And, as he shouted, the Israelites all fell back afraid.

"Who is this Philistine that he can frighten the Israelites
30 the chosen people of God?" David cried.

But David's brother was angry when he heard David's words. "What know you of battle," he sneered; "you who art a tender of sheep?"

But someone had told Saul what David had said, and Saul,
35 ready to lean upon anybody or anything, sent for David.

And when David came into the presence of Saul, he cried, "O fear not this Philistine! I myself will go out to fight him!"

"But thou art a mere boy," Saul said. "Thou art unused
5 to battle, and this giant is armed with sword and spear."

"True, I know little of battle and am unused to the sword and spear. But I am not weak. One day a lion and a bear came to my flock and I ran and took away the lamb and slew the lion and the bear. For it was God who gave me strength.
10 So will he help me to contend against this giant."

Then Saul said, "Go, brave boy; and may the Lord be with thee!" Then Saul took his own sword and spear and gave it to David. But David took them not. "I know not how to use them," he said; "but I have with me my sling,
15 and it is with this I will fight."

So David chose five smooth stones and put them into his shepherd's bag and went out to meet the giant.

When Goliath saw David, he roared with laughter. "Hast thou come out to kill me?" he said. "Thou, a boy! Come
20 to me and let me at once give thy body to the birds of the air for food!"

But David shrank not. "Thou comest to me with sword and spear," he called back to the giant, "but I come to thee in the name of the Lord God of Israel!

25 "I know thou art very strong and I am very weak; but God is with me, and he is stronger than thou!

"He will give me power to conquer and to slay thee; for the battle is God's and he will give thee into my hands."

And, with these brave words, David ran out to meet Goliath.
30 He took one of the smooth stones and put it into his sling and shot it at the giant. Straight through the air it flew and hit the giant in the forehead, so that he fell, stunned, to the ground. Then David ran and took the giant's sword, and cut off his head, and held it up before the people.

35 A great cry of terror went up from the Philistines, who had

seen their great commander fall, they hardly knew why; and they turned and fled. Then the Israelites pursued them and drove them, scattered, into the forests and across the plains.

Then Saul took the head of Goliath and carried it to Jerusalem; and the Israelites held a great feast and rejoiced in their victory.

Now, although David before this had played and sung to Saul, that king had forgotten him. So that now when he came into the tent he said, "Who art thou?"

10 And David answered, "I am David, the son of Jesse of Bethlehem."

Then Saul took David to his house to live with him at his own court and receive the honors due him for so brave a victory. And at the court David saw Jonathan, Saul's son,
15 and these two youths became close friends.

All the servants in the house loved David, too; for he was kind and gentle always. And for a long time Saul loved David above his own son even, and was glad that the people of the court loved him.

20 But, by and by, a change came into Saul's heart. Wretched and unhappy as he was, with God against him because he himself was not true, he began to hate those around him who were not wretched and unhappy. And when he saw the sunshine in David's face, and saw the love about him, he grew
25 jealous and bitter towards him, and his love and pride in him changed to burning hate.

Every time David went forth into battle, Saul hoped he would be slain; but God was with David, and Saul saw him come back from each battle more and more victorious.

30 At one time, when David had returned victorious from a battle with the Philistines, the women of Israel went out to meet him, dancing and singing.

One company sang:

"SAUL HAS SLAIN HIS THOUSANDS."

35 And the other company answered:

AND DAVID HIS TEN THOUSANDS."

These words displeased Saul, and he was very wroth. "They sing that David has slain his ten thousands, while I have slain but thousands." And Saul was jealous; and, at
5 last, so bitter did he become, that he commanded Jonathan and the servants of the house to slay David. Then Jonathan went to David and said, "Hide thyself, for my father seeks to slay thee."

Then Jonathan, gentle and kind of heart as was David
10 himself, went to Saul and pleaded for the friend he loved.

"Sin not against David, O my father and my king," he said. "Slay him not, for he is good; and never has he disobeyed thee. Remember how bravely he fought the Philistines, killing the cruel giant. Thou didst rejoice in him
15 then; why now art thou changed?"

And for a time Saul's heart was softened; and he promised that no harm should come to David.

Then David came back to the house of Saul, and again there was peace between them. But soon the Philistines
20 came again against the Israelites, and David again went forth and conquered them.

Now Saul rejoiced not in this victory; but rather did his heart grow black again towards David. And one day, when David sat even at his feet playing upon his harp, Saul raised
25 a spear; and had not David escaped from the room, he would have slain him.

David at last went to Samuel at Ramah. He dared stay no longer in the house of Saul. But when Saul heard that he had fled to Samuel, he sent soldiers to take him.

30 But when the soldiers entered into the presence of Samuel, the wish to slay David went out from them, and in its place came sweet peace and love towards all men.

Then Saul sent more men; but they, too, grew gentle in the presence of Samuel and the holy prophets with him.

35 Furious then, Saul himself came; but even upon him the

sweet spirit fell; and for the time his heart was full of kindness towards David, and again he promised to do him no harm.

But again temptation came upon Saul, and again his heart
5 was filled with bitter hatred towards David.

David saw this; and escaping from Ramah, he fled to Jonathan, and told him of his trouble and of his danger at the hand of Saul.

"I know thy father, Saul, is seeking to kill me," David said.
10 "He does not tell thee this, because he knows that I have found grace in thine eyes, and that it would vex thee; but I know there is but a step between me and death."

It was hard, indeed, for Jonathan to hear these things, for he loved his father and his friend above all else in the
15 world.

Jonathan bowed his head in grief. "Tell me," he said, "what can I do to save thee?"

"To-morrow Saul has a great feast," David answered, "and he thinks I shall be there. Let me go and hide myself
20 instead. My father has a great sacrifice for his family at Bethlehem, and I wish to be there. If Saul inquires for me, tell him I asked to go to my father's sacrifice at Bethlehem. Watch then, and see if he is angry or not."

And Jonathan said, "Let us go out now into the field, and
25 we will think what we must do." So they both went out and walked in the field. "To-morrow I will talk to my father," Jonathan, said "and if I see that he is kind and friendly, I will send and tell thee; if he is angry, then too I will tell thee, and send thee away safely. But if we part, and never see one
30 another again, do not forget me. Love me, and think about me while I live; and after I am dead, remember me, and be kind to my children and family. Do not forget my love to thee."

Then David promised never to forget Jonathan; and to
35 love his children, and be kind to them after Jonathan's death.

But David and Jonathan could not talk together long. David must hide himself. So Jonathan said, "Go now; and, after three days, come again to the place where thou didst hide before. Then I will come and bring a lad with me, and I
5 will shoot arrows, and tell the lad to go and bring them to me. If I tell the lad that the arrow is near to him, know that all is safe; but if I tell him that the arrows are far off beyond him, then know that there is danger, and make haste, and escape."

10 The next day was Saul's feast, but David was not there. Saul looked for him, but could see him nowhere. The next day, David again was not at the feast. Then Saul asked, "Where is David? He was not at the feast yesterday, and I do not see him here to-day. Why does he not come?"

15 "He asked me to let him go home," Jonathan said, "to a sacrifice at Bethlehem. His father wanted him there." Then Saul was angry, and he said, "David shall die; send and bring him here, for he shall surely die."

But Jonathan answered, "Why must David die? He has
20 done no wrong." Then Saul was still more angry. He threw a spear at Jonathan that he might kill him because of his love for David. But Jonathan got up quickly, and went away from the table.

The third day Jonathan went again into the field to meet
25 David, taking the little boy with him. Jonathan had his bow and arrows. He shot an arrow a long way off, and then cried to the boy, "Run, and bring me the arrow! There it is, a long way beyond thee!"

David was hidden in the field, and heard what Jonathan
30 said. And when the boy was sent home, David arose and came to Jonathan. He knew that he must now go, and part from his dear friend; and that perhaps they would never meet again.

David and Jonathan threw their arms around each other,
35 and kissed one another, and wept. Then Jonathan said,

"Go in peace; God will be with us; He will be our friend. Do not forget me, nor my children after me; and I will never forget thee."

Then David went away, and Jonathan, sad at heart, returned home.

He went to Nob, in Benjamin, where the tabernacle was; and there he saw Abimelech, the priest. David knew that he could not now go often to worship God in the holy place; for he must hide from Saul, that he might thereby save his life.

Abimelech wondered very much to see David, and asked why he had come. "King Saul sent me here," he said, "upon secret business. He commanded me not to say what the business is. Give me, I pray thee, some of the bread I see there." Now the bread which Abimelech had was the shew-bread. It was hallowed bread, of which the priests alone might eat. But Abimelech gave some to David and to the men with him, because they were hungry and could get no other.

Then David asked the priest to give him some armor. Abimelech had there the sword of Goliath, and this he showed to David. David was pleased to see this sword again; for it made him remember how God hath helped him to conquer and kill the great giant, so short a time before.

David took the sword and went to Gath, and to King Achish. Achish was a kind king; but he was a Philistine. Naturally his people did not love David, remembering what he had done in times past to the Philistines. And so David was unhappy at Gath. He was afraid of Achish and of his people; he knew they might kill him or tell Saul about him. Still he dared not go away without reason.

So he pretended to be mad. He ran about wildly, and scratched upon the doors, and did many more seemingly mad things. Then Achish sent him away; and, free to do as he pleased, he went and hid in a cave.

While David was in the tabernacle at Nob, talking to the priests, a man came whose name was Doeg. He was the keeper of Saul's cattle, a very wicked man, and an enemy of David. Saul had heard that David was escaping from
5 place to place, and so tried to find him, that he might kill him. He asked his servants to tell him all they knew about David, who were his friends, and who had helped him to escape.

And Doeg said, "I saw David come to Nob, to Abimelech,
10 the priest; and I saw Abimelech give him food and the sword of the giant Goliath." At once, then, Saul sent for Abimelech and all the priests that were at Nob. "Why hast thou given bread and a sword to David, my enemy, and helped him to fight against me, and kill me?" he cried. Abimelech an-
15 swered, "David is not an enemy! He is faithful and obedient to the king; and I knew nothing of all this."

But Saul would not believe Abimelech, and he commanded the servants who stood by, to slay Abimelech, and to put all the other priests to death!

20 But the servants would not kill these holy priests. Then Saul turned to Doeg. "Kill thou these priests!" Doeg, cruel as Saul, was glad to obey. He drew his sword, and slew them all, eighty-five in number, and then went to Nob and killed the people there, men and women and children.
25 Only one son of Abimelech, named Abithar, escaped, and he ran to David, and told him the sad story.

But David was not alone in his wanderings. Many men came to help him; ready to follow wherever he went. He was their captain and they obeyed him.

30 The Philistines were now fighting again against Israel; and David and his men went to try to conquer them. Once David was very tired and thirsty with long fighting. The Philistines' camp was then at Bethlehem; and there was a well of water near it. "Oh! that one would give me to drink
35 of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" David cried. David's

soldiers hearing the cry, ran in through their enemies, drew the water and brought it to David. So much did they love their master that they thought not of their own danger! But when David saw his friends in peril, he said, "No, I will not
5 drink it! My brave soldiers have suffered more than I, and they are thirsty too. This water is too good for me; I will give it to God." So he poured it out, an offering to the Lord.

But where was Jonathan all this time? Did he ever see his friend David again? Yes; for Jonathan had not forgotten
10 him. Once, when he heard where David was, he went to find him secretly in the wood. How glad they were to meet again! They had much to say to one another. "Do not fear," Jonathan said; "my father cannot hurt thee, because God has promised to keep thee, and some time to make thee
15 king." Then David and Jonathan prayed together, and kissed one another. It was the last time; they never met again on earth.

When Saul had finished fighting with the Philistines, he went into the wilderness, taking his many soldiers with him.
20 They wandered about day after day among the caves, trying to find David. But God still kept David in safety from his enemies. At last Saul came to a cave, and went into it to rest, for he was tired. The cave was very large; so large it could hold many people, and Saul and his men thought they
25 were alone in it. But David and his soldiers were in this very cave. Saul did not see them, for they were in another part of it; so he went in, and lay down, and fell asleep.

David's men saw Saul when he came into the cave, and said to their master, "See, there is Saul! God surely has
30 given him into thy hand!" David arose and went to Saul. There he lay asleep. He had no power to hurt David, but David could kill him now if he liked. But David had no angry feelings in his heart; he had no wish to hurt his enemy; but he went quietly and cut off a piece of Saul's robe.

35 By and by Saul awoke and arose to go away. Then David

cried out and said to him, "My lord, the king!" Saul turned around, amazed. David bowed before him, and said, "God to-day gave thee into my power when thou wast asleep in the cave. But I remembered that thou art a king chosen by
5 God, and therefore I did not hurt thee. I never did thee any wrong. Why dost thou try to kill me? God knows I am not thine enemy."

Then Saul began to weep. "Is it thy voice, my son David?" For David's gentleness made Saul gentle, too. "Thou hast
10 been more righteous than I," Saul said; "thou hast rewarded me good, though I rewarded thee evil." Then Saul went away; and David's kindness made Saul, too, kind for a little time.

While David was wandering about in the wilderness of
15 Enged and Paran, he and his men were often in need of food.

There was a man who lived at Maon, named Nabal. He was very rich, and had great possessions in Carmel of sheep and goats and camels. Now David knew that Nabal was very rich, and he sent messengers to him to ask for food,
20 bidding them speak most respectfully to Nabal; for David taught them always to honor and respect all men. But Nabal was a selfish and cruel man. He cared little for other people. All his money and all his possessions he kept for his own use. He never gave a thought to the poor and hungry, who
25 had no home and no food. So Nabal was angry with David's servants and instead of giving them anything, he drove them away, and sent them back again to David. Then David was angry too. He told his men to take their swords, and make themselves ready to go to Nabal, that they might kill this
30 selfish man.

Now, Nabal had a wife named Abigail; but she was not at all like her husband; she was gentle and kind, and willing to help others whenever she could. And so, when Abigail heard of Nabal's cruelty, she was most sorrowful. She knew
35 that David was a good man, and that he was in great trouble,

trying to hide from Saul. Abigail wished to be kind to him and his men; so she called her servants, and told them to make ready some sheep, and corn, and figs, and grapes, and take them to David, while she herself followed, not telling Nabal where she was going. When Abigail met David, she fell on her face before him. Then she spoke very gently to David, begging him not to be angry, but to forgive her wicked husband.

Samuel meantime had died. He had died and was buried at Ramah; and all Israel wept and mourned for him.

But David was still in the wilderness of Ziph, when Saul again went to seek him there. David saw Saul come into the wilderness, but Saul did not see him; so Saul put a pillow upon the ground, and lay down, and fell asleep; and all his men slept too. Then David arose and went to Saul. He was lying upon the ground on the pillow; his spear was by him, and the soldiers were sleeping around him. It was night and all was quiet. None saw David and his men.

"Let us kill Saul now," one of David's servants said; "all his soldiers are asleep, and he is in our power; he cannot defend himself," But David said, "No, we must not kill him, though he is our enemy. He is our king and we are his servants, and, therefore, we must respect and honor Saul."

Then David took away Saul's spear, and a bottle of water which was near the pillow, and went to the top of a hill afar off. Then he cried to Saul's captain and said, "What are you doing? Why do you not watch over your king? See where the king's spear is, and the cruse of water that was at his bolster." Saul knew David's voice, and cried, "Is this thy voice, my son David?" Then David said, "Yes, it is my voice. Why dost thou come, seeking to kill me? What evil have I done?" Again Saul felt sorry, and said, "I have sinned, but I will no more seek to do thee wrong." Then David again willingly forgave Saul, and spoke gently to him; and one of Saul's servants came, and took back the spear and

the bottle of water. Then Saul blessed David and they parted, never to meet each other again.

David grew weary of wandering about in fear of Saul. He knew that Saul would forget his promise and might come again 5 and try to kill him. So he determined to go to the Philistines' country and ask Achish, king of Gath, to take care of him. Accordingly David called his family and his soldiers; and they all went to Gath. Achish met David and was very kind to him. He gave him a city, named Ziklag, and there David 10 lived in safety. Saul knew this, but he did not again try to kill him. But David was not idle while he lived at Ziklag. He often went out to fight against the Amalekites, and at last he conquered and killed them.

But all this time Saul was still in his own home, unhappy 15 and discontented; the evil spirit troubling him more and more. The Philistines now came to fight against Israel, and Saul gathered together all his soldiers at Gilboa. But his heart stood still when he looked upon the army of his enemies.

20 What could Saul do now? He called his servants, and asked them if they knew a witch who could tell him what he wanted to know. The witches were wicked women, who pretended to have the power of raising dead people, and of foretelling future things. But Saul was now grown so weak, 25 that he was willing to hang his hopes even upon the advice of a witch. Saul's servants told him of a witch living at Endor. So he changed his dress that people might not know him, and went secretly, by night, to Endor. Saul came to the house where this wicked woman lived, and asked her 30 first to raise a dead man to life for him. The woman did not know Saul, and refused at first to do what he asked; for she was afraid of being put to death. But Saul told her not to fear, and he promised she should not be punished. Then she said, "Whom shall I bring up?" And Saul told her to bring 35 up Samuel.

The foolish woman had no power to raise Samuel. But God himself raised up a figure like Samuel, and he spoke to Saul. When the woman saw the figure coming up out of the ground, she herself was frightened. She cried out for fear.
5 Then Saul looked too. What did he see? He saw the figure of an old man. It was like Samuel, and he bowed down to the ground. Then the figure asked, "Why hast thou called me up?" Saul said, "I am sore distressed; the Philistines make war against me; God is gone from me, and answers me no
10 more; and I have called thee to tell me what I shall do." Then the figure said, "Why dost thou ask me, if the Lord is thine enemy? He has departed from thee, and given the kingdom to David, because thou obeyedst not His voice. The Philistines will fight against Israel; and Israel will be
15 conquered; and to-morrow thou and thy sons shall be with me."

Saul fell down upon the ground in fear and horror. He had now no hope! To-morrow he must die! His body must fall in the battlefield! The woman understood now who
20 Saul was; and she and his servants tried to comfort him. She spoke kindly to him; and made ready some meat and bread for him to eat. But all this could do Saul no good; for he was going to die! Saul arose from the ground, ate the food the woman had made ready, and then, with his servants,
25 went away. It was night — Saul's last night of life! Saul could not sleep. In the morning he went to the battle! The battle was on Mount Gilboa. The Philistines conquered, and many of the Israelites were slain on the field.

Then the Philistines followed on after Saul, and shot him
30 with their arrows, and sorely wounded him. Then he knew that his enemies would soon come and kill him. He called his armor-bearer, and asked him to kill him, that he might not be put to death by the cruel Philistines. But the armor-bearer was afraid to kill Saul; so Saul took a sword, and fell
35 upon it, and died. When the armor-bearer looked at Saul,

and saw that he was dead, he, too, took a sword, and fell upon it, and died.

And the Israelites saw that Saul and his sons were dead. They ran from their cities, and left their houses; and the
5 Philistines came and took possession of them. The next day, when the Philistines came to look at the field of battle, they found Jonathan and his brothers and Saul — all lying dead upon the ground. The cruel Philistines cut off Saul's head, and took away his armor, and sent home the news of
10 their victory, shouting for joy. They nailed Saul's body to a wall; but the people who lived in Jabesh-Gilead were kind to their king, and honored him. They took his body and his sons' bodies, and buried them under a tree, and mourned for them many days.

15 And all this time David was still in Ziklag. After the battle a messenger came to David from Saul's camp. His clothes were rent and dust was upon his head; and David knew that he had bad news to tell. "Who has gained the battle?" he asked, "and what has happened to Saul and Jonathan?"
20 The messenger said, "The people are fled from the battle and many are fallen and dead, and Saul and Jonathan are dead also."

Then David asked him how all this happened, and the messenger told him that he had seen Saul on Mount Gilboa
25 in great distress, pursued by the Philistines, and that Saul had asked him to slay him. "So," the man said, "I stood on him, and slew him, and took his crown and his bracelet; and I have brought them here to thee." And was David pleased? No; he wept for Saul, and for his dear friend
30 Jonathan. He was even angry with the man who told him of their death; for David thought the story was all true.

NOTES

265: 1 *King Saul*. The first king of the Hebrews, 1055-1033 B. C.

265: 1 *Israelites*. The descendants of Jacob or Israel; the "children of Israel." They gradually became known by the name "Jews."

265: 5 *Philistines*. People dwelling in Philistia, who were frequently at war with the Israelites. They reached their highest power in the reigns of Saul and David.

265: 7 *Gilgal*. In Bible geography the name of various places in Palestine. The name means a heap of stones dedicated to religious purposes. The Gilgal mentioned here was probably a mound raised for sacrifices.

265: 8 *Samuel*. A Hebrew prophet, son of Elkanah and Hannah. In his early youth he felt himself called to the high vocation of a prophet, and obtained a place in the history of Israel second only to Moses.

266: 32 *Horn of oil*. Horns of animals were used for oil, wine, etc.

268: 6 *Goliath*. A giant of Gath, one of the cities of the Philistines.

270: 11 *Bethlehem*. In Judea. The birthplace of Christ.

271: 27 *Ramah*. In Bible geography, the name of several places in Palestine. The Ramah of Samuel was northwest of Jerusalem.

274: 6 *Nob*. A city of the Old Testament, near Jerusalem, to the north. Its exact site is unknown.

274: 16 *Shew-bread*. (Show.) Among the ancient Jews, the bread which was placed every Sabbath before Jehovah on the table of shittim-wood, overlaid with gold, set in the holy place, on the north side of the altar of incense. It consisted of twelve loaves, to represent the twelve tribes of Israel, and was made of fine flour, sprinkled with incense.

275: 1 *Tabernacle*. A sacred and holy place. In Jewish history, the tabernacle that served as a sanctuary of the nation was a tent so constructed that it could be moved about from place to place, until its final settlement in Jerusalem.

277: 15 *Enged*. (Hebrew, "spring of the goat.") In the geography of the Bible, a place on the western shore of the Dead Sea, having many caverns.

277: 15 *Paran*. In Bible geography, a wilderness south of Palestine, and north of Sinai. It was the scene of the wanderings of the Israelites before they entered Canaan.

279: 9 *Ziklag*. In Bible geography, a town in southern Palestine.

279: 12 *Amalekites*. The descendants of Amalek, grandson of Esau, and prince of an Arab tribe.

279: 27 *Endor*. (Hebrew, "spring of Dor.") In Bible geography, a village in Palestine, near Tabor.

280: 27 *Mount Gilboa*. A mountain in Issachar, which bounds the lower plain of Galilee on the east, running from southeast to northwest.

281: 11 *Jabesh-Gilead*. In Bible geography, an important town in Gilead, Palestine.

THE SIEGE OF TROY

MARA L. PRATT

(From "Myths of Old Greece")

On the top of Mount Pelion there was a great cave — so deep that no man had ever journeyed into the darkness of the mountain to find its inner chambers, where, on great occasions, the gods held high carnival.

5 Beautiful indeed was this cave within. Its walls sparkled with crystals of Iris's colors, and the great hall floor shone like glass.

Together, one evening, when the days were short and the Sun-god had early driven his chariot beyond the cloud-land
10 of the west, the gods met in the wondrous cave. It was the wedding feast of King Peleus and the goddess, Thetis, who rose each morning from the sea.

Never was there a bride more beautiful. Her soft green robe was woven by the Nereids in their grottos beneath the sea.
15 Her chaplet of pearls was a gift of Poseidon, and, as she walked, the sandals upon her snowy feet shone like the sunlight on the waves.

Now Peleus had been banished from his own country, and for many a weary day had wandered, sad and lonely, up
20 and down the valley by the sea.

One morning there came a voice to him from among the trees. It was a soft voice, and it spoke to him in kindness:
"O Peleus, the gods have looked with pity upon your weary exile; and to your prayers great Zeus has listened. He sends
25 to you now, to bring you joy, the beautiful sea-nymph, Thetis,

who rises like the gentle morning mist from out the waters. Behold, already she is beside you!"

Peleus looked; but nowhere did he see the maiden whom Zeus had sent to be his bride.

5 Then Peleus's heart grew sad again, and he bowed his head in grief.

"But I am here," said a soft voice again by his side. "It is I — Thetis — the sea-nymph."

"But I see only the slow-rising mist that floats above the
10 waters," said Peleus sadly.

"But I am in the mist," said the voice again. "Care you not for the gifts of the gods? Will you not search for me?"

"My life would I give for this sweet gift of the gods," said Peleus, fervently, "but where may I search for thee?"

15 "In the mist! in the mist!" whispered the trees; and Peleus hastened close to the water's brink. "Thetis, Thetis," he cried, "do not hide from me. Thetis! Thetis!"

Then the mist came closer; it rolled across the waters; it lifted itself from the fields, and stood at last a shining pillar
20 of white light upon the hilltop.

"Never, never will I permit thee to escape from me!" said Peleus. Across the fields, up the hillside, he hurried, calling upon the gods to give him strength and speed; and when he reached the hilltop, there Thetis stood, the beautiful water
25 maiden, in her soft robe of trailing green.

And so it came about that there was great rejoicing among the gods, and the great cave was ablaze with light; for in the banquet hall a feast was spread, and all the gods and goddesses were there to celebrate the wedding of the beautiful Thetis
30 and the brave Peleus.

The vaulted roof of the cave was studded with precious stones; and the shining floor reflected back the thousand flaming torches that the sea-nymphs bore.

Peleus, clad in shining armor, the gift of Zeus, shone with
35 a glory that rivalled the Iris-colored walls; and Thetis, never

so beautiful, stood like a shining moonlight cloud, amid the ten thousand happy guests.

Wonderful were the gifts to Peleus. There were the deathless horses which Poseidon brought, and a handsome chariot of finely wrought gold; for such were the gifts suited to the hero who should win the heart of the lovely Thetis.

First at the banquet table sat great Zeus, and beside him the haughty Hera and the smiling Aphrodite. The fleet-footed Hermes was there; and Hebe, who brought the golden cup. The Muses made soft music. Iris spread an arch of color above the widespread table; the sea-nymphs danced; and Apollo played upon his magic lyre.

Never was there feast more joyous, never wedding more auspicious. But alas! one goddess there was who stood in the darkness outside and muttered evil threats, and plotted to bring sorrow and disturbance upon the gods who had not bidden her to the feast.

It was while Apollo sang his softest music, and the company sat hushed in happy silence, that Eris, taking upon herself a form invisible, crept into the banquet hall and threw into the midst of the gods assembled a golden apple.

Large and golden was the apple, and upon it were written the words:

FOR THE FAIREST.

"Whence came this?" asked Zeus, when Hermes laid it at his feet.

"We know not," said Hermes; "it fell just now as from out the roof of the cave. Surely it is a gift for the beautiful" — but there Hermes stopped. "For the Fairest!" Surely it was not for Hermes to say which of the beautiful goddesses was most fair.

Even Zeus looked from one to another, speaking not a word. What had at first seemed so simple became now a puzzle indeed, even to the all-wise Zeus.

"For the Fairest!" and Zeus looked toward Hera. "For

the Fairest!" and he looked toward Aphrodite and Athene. Would not some one claim it, and so relieve him of the task of choosing?

"Why delay?" spoke out Hera, her handsome face flushing angrily. "Is it so difficult to know that the apple is intended for me, the queen?"

"Of what moment is it to be queen," cried Athene, "if one has not with it the grace of mind and gentleness of heart that makes one queenly? The apple is intended for me; for
10 it is I who have the true beauty that perishes never."

"Nonsense, both!" cried Aphrodite. "With me dwells joy. In me all mankind rejoices. To be happy, that is best. That is the true beauty. The apple should be mine."

"Truly, it is an apple of discord," and Zeus sighed.

15 "It is mine!" said Hera, haughtily.

"Mine!" flashed Aphrodite.

"It is mine alone," said Athene, with a dignity that awed the gods and goddesses to silence.

But soon the strife broke forth again. Not one, from the
20 highest to the least among the nymphs, but arrayed herself upon the side of one or another of the beautiful goddesses who claimed the apple of discord for herself. The music of Apollo was hushed; the Muses fled in grief, and the sea-nymphs, frightened, crept back to their peaceful grottos beneath the
25 sea; and in place of the joy that had been, now all was bitter wrangling.

Already the chariot of the Sun-god had appeared in the eastern sky, when Zeus, rising, said: "Let all discord now cease. It is not for one of us to say which goddess is most
30 beautiful. Let us leave the decision to some mortal who dwells upon the earth below. Even now, I see far across the sea, a youth who tends his sheep upon the hillside. He rises now from sleep, and stands beneath the grateful shade of the sacred tree. Flee, swift-footed Hermes, flee to the
35 hillside where the youth Paris guards his flocks. Tell him

of the gift for the fairest, and by his decision will we abide."

Then Hermes, obedient, led the three goddesses across the sea and up the hillside where Paris watched his flock — an
5 innocent, happy youth, not dreaming of the greatness so soon to be his.

"Hard, indeed, is it to choose," said Paris, when the three goddesses stood before him; "but if choose I must, then would I give the apple to thee, O Aphrodite!"

10 "Wise youth," said Aphrodite; and as a reward for your wisdom, you shall have that which shall make you the envied of all the world; for the most beautiful woman dwelling upon the earth shall be your wife; and with her you shall dwell, prince and princess, in a great and glorious city."

15 "I thank you, kind Aphrodite," said Paris; "but I have already a wife, C  none, who is to me the most beautiful in all the earth."

Aphrodite made no answer; for she well knew that whatever the gods promised, that thing must happen; and the three
20 goddesses rose high in the air and sped away towards Mount Olympus; and Paris, although he did not know it yet, was a changed man; for all the future that was to have been was swept away, and a new future now beckoned him onward.

It happened that on the next day Priam, king of Troy, sat
25 musing. "Once," said he to himself, "I had a little son whose beauty was like that of a god. But the Oracle prophesied that one day he would bring destruction upon this kingdom, and that, through him, this people would fall into the power of a foreign people."

30 "Alas, alas, my child! what cruel fate set this decree upon your luckless life; and what was there left for me to do but, for the safety of my people, to send you from the kingdom and command that you be slain? Alas! my brave son, beautiful and strong, even as a god is beautiful and strong!"

And the old king sat for hours, looking out across the city, within whose walls peace had reigned for many a year.

“But thou art not forgotten, pale shade of Trojan Prince,” the old king said, rising, “and on the very morrow shall a
5 great feast be made, and there shall be music and games — all in honor of the Trojan Prince whose life was sacrificed for the safety of his people!”

Then the king called his trusty servants to him, and bade them go out into the fields and up the hillsides, where they
10 would find the strongest, sleekest cattle. “From the flock,” said he, “bring to me the bull fittest for sacrifice; and tomorrow shall be a festal day in honor of the Prince now gone years since to the pale land of shades.”

Now, there was one among the oldest servants who sighed
15 a deep sigh. To him had been entrusted the slaying of the baby prince; and well did he remember the great terror that came upon him when he threw the child into the fire and it burned not, and when he left him upon the cold hillside and he suffered not.

20 “It was not the will of the gods,” the old servant now whispered to himself, “that the child should die; and it is a secret with them and me that even now he dwells amid his flocks upon the hillsides without the city; and a brave youth he is — my young Paris, the herdsman! And well worthy is
25 he to be the king of Troy when at last old King Priam passes from the light of day.”

Now it was from the herd of Paris that the bull was chosen for the sacrifice; and so angry was Paris that his herds should be disturbed, that he declared that he him-
30 self would drive it into the city and that, moreover, he would contend for the prizes side by side with the youths of the city.

The morning dawned bright and clear; and before the sun had spanned the arch of heaven by one half its course, the
35 games were at their height. Brave, indeed, were the Trojan

youths, and bravest of them all was Hector, the son of old King Priam; but with the strong young shepherd lad none could contend. Prize after prize was laid at his feet, until Hector, angry, took his place before the youth and bade him
5 withdraw from the games.

"I will not!" thundered Paris; and had Hector been less a hero, he would have quailed before the ringing voice of the daring youth.

"Look! Look!" cried Priam's queen. "Mark the two
10 youths! How like they are! The same fair hair; the same clear eyes! Priam, Priam, I could believe it is our son, our Prince, lost so many years ago to us!"

"O blinded king! O blinded king!" cried Cassandra, the prophetess. "See you not that this is your own son —
15 the son who so long ago you sent forth to die upon the woody hills of Ida? Do you not know that the gods slay not those whom they would have live, and that it is the same child that stands now before you, a victorious hero on his own first festal day?"

20 And so it came about that Paris was taken to the palace of the king and given a place of honor beside his father, at the long table of the banquet hall. All the people rendered honor unto him, and he was henceforth known in all the kingdoms round about as Paris, the long-lost son of Priam—Paris,
25 the Prince of Troy.

For many happy months Paris dwelt in the palace of the king, rejoicing in his new-found home and friends; and almost had the cruel prophecy been forgotten, so happy were the king and queen in their two brave and handsome sons,
30 Hector and Paris.

But, alas! the gods forget not their decrees; and one day there came to Troy a hero from the shores of Greece. Most valiant service had the Grecian Menelaus rendered Troy, and such friendship sprang up between him and Paris, that,
35 when the Grecian returned to his home, he took the youth

with him; nor was there any honor that was not showered upon him, the fair-haired Prince of Troy.

But now had come the time for the fulfilment of the prophecy. No sooner had Paris reached the kingdom
5 of Menelaus than, forgetting honor, gratitude, all, he stole the beautiful Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and fled with her across the seas — for Helen was the most beautiful woman in all the world.

And so it came about that through Paris, Troy fell, and the
10 Trojans of the city lost their liberty and their glory as a people. For when Menelaus knew the misfortune that had fallen upon him, he raised a great army and marched against the city of Troy, whither Paris had fled with Helen, the beautiful queen of the Grecians.

15 For long, long years the army besieged the city; thousands upon thousands of the bravest Trojans and the bravest Grecians fell in battle; still there seemed no hope of victory to either side.

With both armies the gods, too, fought — some with the
20 Trojans, some with the Greeks, and bitter was the contest between the foes.

But at last the Greeks, resorting to strategy, built a wonderful wooden horse, so large that hundreds of Greeks could easily conceal themselves within it, and this they left before
25 the gates of Troy, withdrawing the armies to a distant shelter that the Trojans might believe that, despairing of success, they had set forth for their distant homes, defeated.

Great was the rejoicing of the Trojans when, looking out from the watch towers one morning, they found the plain
30 outside the city clear, and no foe in sight as far as eye could reach. "But what is this?" they said, as they saw the great wooden horse outside their gates.

"It is an offering to the gods," said one. "Let us drag it into the city and place it where stood the Palladium, which
25 the Greeks stole from us and so ruthlessly destroyed!"

And so it was the Trojans fell into the trap the Greeks had set for them: and when the wooden image had been placed in the great square, and night had settled upon the city, the Greeks sprang forth from their hiding place, rushed to the
 5 gates, threw them open, signalled to the army waiting outside, and before the Trojans knew the fate that had fallen upon them, the streets were filled with Greeks. With flaming torches they thronged the streets and set on fire the homes and public buildings; the temple they razed to the ground; the
 10 altars were desecrated; the city walls were thrown down, and the people driven captive from the city that had been so long their home.

Such was the end of the Trojan power; such was the fate brought upon the people by the perfidy of Paris, the fair-
 15 haired Prince of Troy, of whom it was prophesied at birth, "This child shall prove the destruction of the Trojan empire."

NOTES

- 283: 1 *Mount Pelion*. A mountain in Magnesia, Thessaly, Greece.
 283: 6 *Iris's colors*. Iris was the rainbow goddess.
 283: 9 *Sun-god*. Apollo, the son of Zeus.
 283: 11 *King Peleus*. King of the Myrmidons, in Thessaly.
 283: 14 *Nereids*. Beautiful young girls, nymphs of the sea.
 283: 15 *Poseidon*. The god of the sea. In Roman mythology he was known as Neptune.
 283: 24 *Exile*. Banishment from home or country.
 283: 24 *Zeus*. The ruler of the gods. In Roman mythology he was known as Jupiter.
 284: 31 *Vaulted*. Arched.
 285: 8 *Hera*. The queen of heaven, sister of Zeus. Among the Romans she was known as Juno.
 285: 8 *Aphrodite*. The goddess of love, so named on account of having risen from the sea foam. In Roman mythology she was known as Venus.
 285: 9 *Hermes*. The messenger of the gods. He was known as Mercury by the Romans.

285: 9 *Hebe*. The cup-bearer of the gods.

285: 10 *Muses*. These were nine goddesses, daughters of Zeus. Clio was the Muse of history; Euterpe, of music; Thalia, of comedy and pastoral verse; Melpomene, of song and harmony and of tragedy; Terpsichore, of choral dance and song; Erato, of erotic poetry; Polyhymnia, of the stately and inspired hymn; Urania, of astronomy; Calliope, the chief of the Muses, of poetic inspiration, eloquence, and heroic or epic poetry.

285: 14 *Auspicious*. Favorable.

285: 19 *Eris*. The goddess of strife and discord.

286: 2 *Athene*. Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom. She was known as Minerva by the Romans.

286: 15 *Discord*. Disagreement; want of harmony.

287: 20 *Mount Olympus*. The home of the gods. According to legend, it was concealed from mortal sight by a wall of clouds.

287: 26 *Oracle*. The ancient Greeks often requested the gods to prophesy in regard to matters about which they desired information. The answers to these requests were made through priests of the gods, known as Oracles.

288: 3 *Shade*. Spirit; ghost.

288: 3 *Trojan Prince*. Paris, a prince of Troy.

288: 13 *Pale land of shades*. The place of the dead.

289: 13 *Cassandra*. Daughter of King Priam. The gift of prophecy was conferred on her by Apollo.

289: 33 *Menelaus*. The king of Sparta.

290: 22 *Strategy*. Gaining an object by means of a trick.

290: 34 *Palladium*. The famous image of Pallas Athene, on which the fate of Troy depended. According to the legend, the statue fell from heaven, and was preserved with great care by the Trojans.

291: 9 *Razed*. Torn down; leveled to the ground.

291: 10 *Desecrated*. Profaned; made unholy.

291: 14 *Perfidy*. Faithlessness; base treachery.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES

MARA L. PRATT

(From "Myths of Old Greece")

Now, among the brave Greek generals who had fought with such skill and patience, who had been among the first to urge his countrymen on to avenge the wrong to Menelaus, who never for a day wavered in his purpose to rescue the beautiful Helen, and so save the reputation of his country for courage and success in war, was Ulysses, the friend of Menelaus.

Never a battle but Ulysses was in the foremost ranks and in the thickest of the fight; never a success that Ulysses was not among the bravest of the victors; and never a defeat that Ulysses was not still the ready support of the defeated, the daring, defiant, never-failing man of courage, spurring his companions on to fresh endeavor and to fiercer battle. For such was the hero of these early times when Greece and Troy fought together.

Now this brave Ulysses had been watched over and protected during this long siege by more than one of the powerful gods that dwelt on Mount Olympus; still, there were other gods who, hating the Greek leaders and being determined that Troy should conquer in the great warfare, fought against Ulysses and pursued him with disaster, even on his homeward voyage.

"Now that the war is finished and Troy is overthrown," said Ulysses, "my heart turns towards home. There did I leave my faithful Penelope and my brave son, a child only, but now a tall youth, noble and brave I know, trained as he has been by so noble a mother."

Then certain ones among the gods counseled together. "He shall endure great suffering; he shall be wrecked; enemies shall rise up on every side, and for long, long years shall he be tossed upon the wave."

5 "But at last, in spite of all your threats," rang out the clear voice of Athene, "he shall reach his home, and shall find awaiting him the noble Penelope and the brave youth."

And so it was Ulysses set forth upon the sea. The sails were set, the oarsmen were at their places, and with joyous
10 heart, Ulysses turned the vessels toward his home, happy and hopeful, not knowing the fate that lay before him.

But hardly had the sun journeyed once across the sky, before Poseidon, the sea-god, sent upon the little ships a terrible storm. The winds blew, the waves rose high, and the
15 little fleet, driven hither and thither, drifted upon the shores of the Lotus-eaters.

Three men Ulysses sent inland to learn what manner of people these Lotus-eaters might be. Day after day passed by, but the three men never returned. At last, no longer
20 willing to endure the waiting, Ulysses and his men made their way into the island to learn what terrible fate might have overtaken their companions.

Sadly and with hearts heavy, they made their way in from the rocky shore; but upon the sunny, flowery banks of the
25 sparkling river there the three men lay, eating of the fruit of the lotus-tree.

"O come and eat," said they; "then let us remain forever in this land of ease and plenty."

"But your homes!" said Ulysses, surprised at the change
30 that had come to his three most valiant men.

"Do not trouble us," they answered dreamily; "we are content. Eat of the lotus fruit; then you, too, shall be content."

But Ulysses saw that a spell was upon them, and, sum-
35 moning his crew, he bade them seize the three spell-bound

men and drag them to their vessel. And not until they were placed upon the benches and the oars again were within their grasp, did the spell lift itself from them, and give them power again to strive bravely in the struggle to reach
5 their homes.

"Let us row away from this spellbound island," cried Ulysses, "with speed. Surely greater danger is here upon us than that of war."

On, on the vessel sped. "Now we shall have fair sailing,"
10 said the crew; but old Poseidon, hearing these vain words, lashed the waters round about him and roared with glee; for slowly, surely, as the night wore on, the vessel was drifting, drifting close upon the rocky shores of the island where Polyphemus tended his flocks, and watched with his one great eye
15 for ships that came too near his shores.

When the sun rose beyond the waters far away to the east, Ulysses saw before him a great black cave. Great trees stood before it, and over it clustered heavy vines.

Near by, large flocks of sheep lay sleeping on the hillsides.
20 "These are goodly sheep," said the crew. "Let us rest here and feast ourselves."

But as they looked, behold, the whole dark forest raised itself black against the sky — or at least, so it seemed — and, terrified, the crew stood trembling upon the shore, daring
25 neither to advance nor to turn and flee to the ship.

Then a great roar filled the air; the forest shook itself, and there above them, glaring down upon them with his one great horrid eye, stood the giant Polyphemus.

But he saw them not, and when he had turned away,
30 Ulysses and his adventure-loving crew made their way to the great cave where Polyphemus dwelt, and where at night he stabled his numerous flocks.

Into the cave the men made their way, and finding food and wine, they seated themselves for a generous feast.

35 Suddenly darkness fell upon the cave; for at the entrance

stood the giant Polyphemus, and before him into the cave came the vast flocks.

"Let us hide," said Ulysses; and glad indeed were all the crew to conceal themselves in niches in the rock.

5 For a long time Polyphemus perceived not the terror-stricken men; but as the fire flashed higher, lighting up the gloomy walls of the dismal cave, the hiding places were revealed.

"You sea-robbers! You thieves!" thundered Polyphemus, 10 "how dare you steal into my home unasked!"

"We are no sea-robbers, neither are we thieves," answered Ulysses boldly. "We are Greeks, returning from the Trojan war, and driven by the unfriendly tide upon your shores."

But little cared Polyphemus for tales of heroes or of disaster either upon land or sea; and, seizing two of the companions of Ulysses, he swallowed them, while his roar of satisfied greed echoed through the cave and shook it to its foundations.

Then the giant rolled a great stone up at the door of the 20 cave that neither sheep nor men might escape, and stretched himself out upon the floor to sleep; nor did he wake until the sun was high in the heavens.

Then seizing two more of the unfortunate men, he swallowed them, drove forth his flocks, rolled up the great stone before 25 the door, and went forth to tend his sheep in the pasture.

Sad at heart were Ulysses and his men as the long day wore on. At nightfall the giant returned, ate two more men, and again lay down to sleep.

But Ulysses had already planned revenge upon the cruel 30 giant; and when again his heavy slumber shook the cave, the men crept forth from their hiding-places, thrust a sharp iron into the one eye the Cyclop had, and even while he roared with pain, hid themselves among the sheep.

Wild with anger the huge creature roared and raged, and 35 stretched his great arms in all directions to seize upon his

foe; but they were safe among the sheep; and when Polyphemus burst open the great cave door and roared out across the sea, the men, clinging to the long wool, and hidden from the touch of Polyphemus, were dragged forth by the frightened
5 sheep as they rushed from the cave.

Never was there so narrow an escape from cruel death, not even in the fiercest of the Trojan battles; and, weak with fright, daring not even yet to speak, the men staggered down to the shore, swam out to their ship, seized the oars in their
10 trembling hands and made their way out into the sea, forgetting not to offer sacrifices and prayers of gratitude to the gods that they had been spared so terrible a death.

For days the little ship sailed bravely on; the sky was fair, the winds favorable, and old Poseidon seemed to have for-
15 gotten his cruel designs upon Ulysses and his weary crew.

But by and by there rose before them from out the sea, a great island of rock; and around its crest was a great wall of shining brass.

"Who dwells within these walls?" shouted Ulysses, com-
20 ing nearer.

And a voice answered, "I, Æolus, the Keeper of the Winds, dwell here; and with me are my six strong sons and my six strong daughters. Bring thy vessel close upon my shores, and come and dwell with me; for welcome are all strangers in
25 my island."

Very glad were Ulysses and his men, and straightway the vessel was driven ashore.

For four long weeks the men rested in the island, feasted by King Æolus. But at the end of the fourth week, Ulysses
30 bade farewell to their kind host, and again the little crew set forth upon the sea.

Many were the gifts and rare with which King Æolus loaded the little vessel; but strangest of them all was the gift of a bag of winds. For Æolus was, as he had said, the keeper
35 of the winds, and without his permission no wind could blow.

Knowing, then, that his guests, whom he had come to love full well, longed for clear weather and fair sailing, Æolus had fastened into a great bag, tied with strong silver cords, all but the soft west wind; and it was this bag he had given
5 into the keeping of Ulysses, saying: "Guard well this bag; for in it have I imprisoned the adverse winds, so that only the west wind shall be abroad; for it is that wind that shall guide you gently towards your home, the sunny land of Ithaca."

Gladly did Ulysses prize this greatest of all gifts; and so
10 true was the promise of Æolus, that, at the end of ninety days only, the shores of their loved land lay full in sight.

"Now," sighed Ulysses, "our disasters are at an end. The rising of to-morrow's sun shall see our little vessel lying in the harbor from whence, so many long, long years ago, we sailed
15 forth to carry war against the Trojans."

But alas for Ulysses' hopes! Not yet were the wishes of the god's fulfilled; not yet was the time come when the wanderer should rest within the peace and quiet of his home. And so it came about that jealousy and suspicion rose in the hearts
20 of the companions of Ulysses.

"Who is Ulysses," they said, "that he should hold a secret in which we have no part? How are we to know what may lie concealed in the great bag with the silver string? Let us open it, since it is not his will to tell us, and learn for our-
25 selves. Surely we have shared his perils, and whatever treasure he has concealed, that, too, we have a right to share."

And so, while Ulysses slept, the men crept towards the bag and unfastened the silver cord; when, lo! there rushed forth like hissing serpents the imprisoned winds.

30 They shrieked and howled among the sails; they lashed the water till it was white with foam; the great black clouds rose on every side, and there was upon the sea a storm so terrible that even the gods on Mount Olympus trembled, and the little ships were scattered far and wide upon the stormy
35 waters.

Days passed; the storm abated, and Ulysses and his men, now penitent and heavy-hearted, found themselves upon a strange coast, where the cliffs rose black and tall, and the waters seethed around the treacherous rocks.

5 "Let us rest, even upon this inhospitable shore," said the men; but scarcely were the anchors dropped and the men on shore, when there rushed upon them a great giant, who, seizing two of the men, swallowed them, and roared with glee to think how grand a feast he now should have.

10 But the men, seeing the dreadful fate of the two, fled from the shore and scrambled up the sides of the vessels.

After them in swift pursuit came the giants, hundreds upon hundreds of them; and tearing up great rocks and trees, they hurled them at the vessels, crushing them like shells, and
15 scattering the crew upon the sea.

Then, wading forth into the sea, they gathered up the struggling men and ate them in fierce delight. Only one vessel was saved from all the fleet; and with the few men who had escaped, Ulysses set forth again, sad at heart, upon the cruel
20 sea.

For two days now the one lone vessel drifted; for so stricken with grief were the crew, and so sick with terror were they, that none had courage even to guide the vessel.

At last, another island rose out of the sea; and as they drew
25 near they saw, rising beyond the trees, the friendly smoke, as from an altar or from the hearth of some home-loving people.

Drawing near, Ulysses, unable to trust his companions, disheartened as they were, himself set forth to find food for
30 them in the unknown island.

It was a beautiful island, and game was plenty. Then when all had feasted and had refreshed themselves, a little band of men set forth to explore, leaving behind Ulysses and fully half the crew.

35 The farther inland they went, the more beautiful did they

find the island; and at last, rising out of the dense forest, the wonderful palace of Circe appeared before them.

In the distance they heard her wonderful voice, singing softly the strange, sweet song no mortal could imitate; the
5 song which no mortal could resist.

Forward the men pressed, each eager first to reach the palace. The great gates flew open upon their golden hinges and the beautiful Circe came forth to welcome them.

Gracious and most kind did she appear in the eyes of her
10 guests. One only of them all was wise and wary. He, Eurylochus, remembering the dire disasters that had already befallen his comrades in this unfortunate voyage, held back; and when the guests were led to the banquet hall, unnoticed he hid himself among the pillars of the portico.

15 Then he watched his comrades, and saw them eagerly take their places at the bountifully spread table.

"Eat," said Circe; and they fell upon the food like swine, so hungry were they from long fastings.

"Drink," said Circe; and the wine flowed freely.

20 Then over Circe's face there came an evil glitter; and raising her sceptre, she said, "Now, swine that you are, go! Go, every man of you, to the sty wherein such as you should dwell. Live there in the form of those gross animals like which you are!"

25 The heart of Eurylochus stood still with horror; for scarcely had the words been said, when every man, grovelling on the floor of the great hall, grunted and squealed and snouted like the very brutes into which they were transformed; and away they sped to the great sty outside to dwell among others
30 of their kind.

Then Eurylochus, speeding on the wings of the wind, fled back to the ship, and poured into the ears of Ulysses the tale of woe.

"Our comrades must be rescued," was the answer Ulysses
35 made; and at once he set forth to the palace.

"Whither goest thou?" said a voice close by.

"It is you, O Hermes!" said Ulysses; "and well do you know whither I go and why."

"But you are powerless before the power of Circe," Hermes 5 replied.

"That may be; still would I try to rescue my companions, even at the risk of my own life."

"The ever brave Ulysses!" said Hermes; "and I will help. Take this flower; eat it; then go fearless into the presence of 10 the cruel Circe; for the flower has magic power."

Then Ulysses did as he was bid, and entered most bravely the golden palace.

Like his comrades before him, Ulysses ate and drank as Circe commanded him; but when, raising her glittering 15 sceptre, she opened her lips to speak the fateful words, Ulysses raised his glittering sword, and looked defiance into the eyes of the witch goddess. Nor did any change come over him when her words were finished.

Then Circe, knowing that the man before her must be some 20 hero, protected by the gods by a spell more potent than her own, dropped her sceptre and fell, a suppliant, at the feet of her noble guest.

Then did Ulysses demand of her the freedom of his comrades, and the safe return of every one to the vessel awaiting 25 them outside the rocky shores.

All this Circe fulfilled and in due time again the little ship was making its way to Ithaca, the home so far away, and towards which the crew looked with sad hearts and weary eyes.

30 Merrily over the waves the vessel glided for many a day; for Circe had promised a prosperous wind, and already hope had begun to rise in the hearts of the crew, and now and then the oars lay idle.

But one evening, when all was still, the quick ear of Ulysses 35 caught the sound of distant music.

"Hark!" said Ulysses; and every oar was hushed. Softer, sweeter, came the music, nearer and yet nearer.

"We are nearing the flowery meadows of the Sirens," said Ulysses.

5 "This is charmed music, which no man can resist, let him try as he will.

"We must then shut it out from our ears; for it must not be that we shall fall entranced by the Siren music when our journey is already so near its end."

10 And speaking thus, Ulysses warmed and molded a great mass of wax, and calling each man to him, stuffed his ears, that no sound might reach him as he passed the charmed meadows.

"As for myself," said Ulysses, "I would know what the music is like. So bind me, good comrades, to the mast. Bind
15 me strongly that there may be no chance of escape for me, though I struggle and beg you to release me as the charm enthralls me."

So Ulysses was bound, and the men, with ears sealed, took their places at the oars.

20 Nearer and nearer came the music. "More wisdom for thee, O wise Ulysses! Come, come, O come, Ulysses!" sang the Sirens; and Ulysses, charmed, strained and pulled at the ropes, and begged the men to loose him and to turn the vessel towards the shore.

25 But the men only bound him the closer, and plied the oars with greater force and speed; till at last quiet again came into the soul of Ulysses, and the oarsmen, seeing that the danger was past, unsealed their ears, and unbound their leader from the mast. So did they pass one danger without harm and
30 without delay.

But another danger lay in wait for the little crew; for it was decreed that none but Ulysses himself should ever reach again the shores of Ithaca.

Suddenly there rose a terrible sound of thunder and rumble
35 and roar. The vessel rocked and rolled, and the foam and

clouds of spray blinded the eyes of the oarsmen, so that they knew not which way to guide the ship.

The hearts of the oarsmen were cold with fear; and even Ulysses had little courage to urge the men onward into the 5 waters that lay between Scylla and Charybdis.

But the men, desperate, plied the oars; and Ulysses, standing high upon the prow, sword in hand, watched with strained and eager eye, that he might catch the first glimpse of Scylla's terrible heads, and strike them ere she caught the shining of 10 the blade of steel.

But Scylla pushed not forth her heads; and Ulysses, seeing the whirlpool into which the ship was drifting, cried "To the other side! To the other side! Closer to the higher rock!"

15 Then the vessel turned, the whirlpool was passed, and the vessel for one second lay beneath the terrible cave in which the monster Scylla dwelt.

"Now, quick, quick! Row with all your might!" Ulysses cried; but, alas, no oarsmen could row with a speed that 20 could escape the dreadful Scylla; and before even his sword could be raised, Ulysses saw six of his comrades seized by the six terrible arms, lifted from their benches, and drawn into the black cavern above.

"On! on!" Ulysses shouted; and straining every nerve, 25 the oarsmen pushed the vessel through the strait, and soon heard as from afar the roar and rush of the waters, mingled with the bellowing of Charybdis and the screams of Scylla, angry both, that even one of the crew should have escaped their power.

30 Cold, and hungry, and weary, the crew now demanded that they be allowed to land upon the sunny island that lay now before them, and on the shores of which fat cattle grazed.

Ulysses groaned aloud; for well did he know the danger that lay in wait for them upon this sunny island.

35 But the men were desperate and heeded not his warning.

In the night, while Ulysses slept, they left the vessel, reached the island, slew the cattle, and sat down to merry feasting.

Now these were sacred cattle, loved and tended by the goddess-shepherd, Lampetia; and when in the morning she saw the skin and bones of her slain cattle lying upon the shore, and knew they had been slain by the crew of Ulysses, she called aloud to Zeus and said, "See, O Zeus! what these wicked ones have done. Nor will I rest, nor shall there be fruits or grains; the sun shall not shine, and there shall be desolation in all the earth, unless thy vengeance fall full speedily upon these Greeks."

Then up rose great Zeus, and said, "This complaint, O Lampetia, is most just, and for their impious act these Greeks shall suffer. No more shall they look upon the light of day. I will, when night hangs dark upon the sea, send down my bright, swift thunderbolts; they shall cleave their boat in twain, and the wicked ones shall sink into the depths of the sea."

And so it was that in the dense darkness suddenly a terrible storm arose; the heavens grew red, and a great bolt, straight from the blackness overhead, smote the vessel, tearing it from stem to stern, and carrying away both masts and men, as straws upon the restless waves.

The groans of the drowning men filled the air; but in the blackness no help could come from one to the other; only in the flashes of the lurid lightning could they see each other's wild faces, now and then struggling above the cold black waters.

Seizing a floating mast, Ulysses clung to it through the long black night. To this, when the morning came, he bound the broken helm, making thus for himself a raft; and on this raft, though so frail, he floated and drifted on the tide.

On, on, for nine long days and nights Ulysses floated, and terrible were the sufferings he endured from hunger, from thirst, from cold, and from the terrors of the sea.

But there came a time, even as had been decreed, when the hero landed upon a friendly isle, where food and care were given him, and after days of rest, a brave crew of Phæacian youths set out with him upon the sea, and rowed him safe to the shores of his own loved Ithaca.

5 A deep sleep lay upon Ulysses, and scarcely was he conscious of the voyage. Then, when the keel grated upon the shores of Ithaca, most carefully the youths lifted him, still sleeping, from out the vessel, placed him upon the soft hill-slope beneath the trees, then quietly rowed away.

10 For a long time Ulysses slept. Then, rising, he thanked the gods that at last his trials were at an end and that once more his feet might press the soil of his native land.

"Ulysses will come," Penelope had always said, even when all had given him up as dead. "I know Ulysses will yet
15 come."

And the boy, Telemachus, now a fine straight youth, had been taught to say, "Some day my father will come."

And now, indeed, the brave hero had come; and great was the rejoicing throughout the city. Great festivals were held
20 in honor of him, and sacrifices were offered to the gods.

But after these were over, content and happy, Ulysses, returning to his family and his acres, spent the remaining years of his life in peace, ever grateful to the gods who, through great danger, had thus brought him safely home at last.

NOTES

293: 6 *Ulysses*. Odysseus, the king of Ithaca, according to Greek legend. His adventures are related in Homer's *Odyssey*.

293: 25 *Penelope*. Wife of Ulysses, and famous as a model of household virtues.

294: 16 *Lotus-eaters*. People who ate the fruit of the lotus-tree. The taste of the fruit was supposed to take away from those who ate it all desire to return home.

295: 28 *Polyphemus*. The chief of the Cyclops, a race of one-eyed giants. He was the son of Poseidon, the sea god, and when Ulysses put out the giant's eye, Poseidon was very angry, and in revenge caused Ulysses to wander for ten years before he finally reached home.

298: 6 *Adverse*. Contrary; opposite.

300: 14 *Portico*. A porch at the entrance of a building.

301: 21 *Suppliant*. One who pleads in an entreating way.

301: 27 *Ithaca*. One of the islands in the Ionian Sea.

302: 3 *Sirens*. These were sea nymphs whose singing so charmed listeners, that they forgot everything, and were finally destroyed by the Sirens.

302: 17 *Enthralls*. Enslaves; holds in bondage.

303: 5 *Scylla and Charybdis*. These were sea-monsters, opposite one another, in the Strait of Messina. Scylla was represented as barking like a dog, and having twelve feet and six heads, with six pairs of arms. The name was afterward given to a rock in the Strait of Messina. Charybdis was represented as a maiden above, and ending below in the body of a fish, surrounded by hideous dogs. Three times a day she sucked in the sea, discharging it again in a terrible whirlpool. The name was afterward given to a whirlpool in the Strait of Messina, opposite the rock of Scylla.

304: 4 *Lampetia*. Daughter of Apollo. With her sister, Phaetusa, she guarded her father's fourteen flocks — seven herds of oxen and seven flocks of sheep, each containing fifty head.

305: 3 *Phæacian*. Relating to Phæacia, a mythical land.

VOCABULARY OF MYTHOLOGICAL NAMES

- Æolus (ē' ō-lūs). The god of the winds.
- Aphrodite (āf-rō-dī' tē). The goddess of love.
- Apollo (ā-pōl' lō). The sun-god.
- Athene (ā-thē' nē). The goddess of wisdom.
- Charybdis (ka-rīb' dīs). A sea-monster.
- Circe (ser' sē). An enchantress.
- Cyclops (sī' klops). A race of one-eyed giants.
- Eris (ē' rīs). The goddess of strife and discord.
- Hebe (hē' bē). The cup-bearer of the gods.
- Hera (hē' rā). Queen of the gods.
- Hermes (her' mēs). The messenger of the gods.
- Iris (ī' rīs). The goddess of the rainbow.
- Ithaca (īth' a-kā). One of the Ionian Islands, Greece.
- Lampetia (lām-pēt' ī-a). A shepherdess.
- Menelaus (mēn-ē-la'us). King of Sparta.
- Nereids (nē' rē-idz). Nymphs of the sea.
- Ænone (ē-nō' nē). The wife of Paris.
- Olympus (ō-līm' pus). Mount Olympus, home of the gods.
- Peleus (pē' lē-us). King of Thessaly.
- Penelope (pē-nēl' ō-pē). Wife of Ulysses.
- Polyphemus (pōl-i-fē' mus). The chief of the Cyclops.
- Poseidon (pō-sī' don). The god of the sea.
- Scylla (sīl' lä). A sea-monster.
- Telemachus (tē-lēm' a-kus). Son of Ulysses and Penelope.
- Thetis (thē' tīs). The chief of the Nereids, sea-nymphs, and wife of Peleus.
- Ulysses (ū-līs' sēz). King of Ithaca.
- Zeus (zūs). The king of the gods.

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

ELIZA COOK

Eliza Cook was born in London, England, in 1818. She wrote for various English periodicals, and published several volumes. Among her single poems are "The Old Arm-Chair," "The Old Farm Gate," and "Old Songs." She died at Thornton Hill, Wimbledon, England, September 23, 1899.

Robert Bruce, Scotland's great hero, was born in 1274 and died in 1329. In order to be King of Scotland, it was necessary for him to fight many battles, for there were several others who also wished to be king. While this fighting was going on, "The Bruce," as he was sometimes called, was often obliged to hide while fleeing from his enemies. Once, while hiding in an old hut, he lay upon a bundle of straw, feeling very much discouraged, for he began to fear that he would never succeed in his purpose. Just at this time, it is said, occurred the incident of the spider, the story of which is told in the poem.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'T is true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

5 For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

10 He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be,
And after a while, as he pondered there,
"I'll give it up," cried he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clue,
15 And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
20 That how it would get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

25 Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady — again it went,
30 And traveled a half-yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
But up it quickly mounted,
35 Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

“Sure,” said the king, “that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
40 And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me, 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
O, say, will he lose or win it?

45 Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch.
Put him into the wished-for spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out;
50 "All honor to those who try.
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why should not I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
55 That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't";
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
60 To idleness, folly, and want.

KING CANUTE

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811. When five years old he was taken to England, where he was placed at school. Later, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. At the age of thirty he decided to take up literature as a profession, and in 1851, "Vanity Fair," the novel which made him famous, was published. The year following he lectured in America on "The Four Georges." He died at London, December 24, 1863.

King Canute was one day by the seashore near Southampton; and when some of the men who were with him spake of his power and greatness, he bade a chair to be placed close to the water's edge. Then said Canute, "O Sea, I am thy lord; my ships sail over thee whither I will, and this land against which thou dashest is mine; stay then thy waves, and dare not wet the feet of thy lord and master." But the waves came on, for the tide was now coming in; and they came round the chair on which Canute was sitting, and they wetted his feet and his clothes. Then spake King Canute to the men that were with him: "Ye see now how weak is the power of kings and of all men, for ye see that the waves will not hearken to my voice. Honor then God only, and serve Him. for Him do all things obey."—*Old Chronicle*.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a
a score —

Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much, and
robbing more;

And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-
shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps
sedate,

5 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver-sticks and
gold-sticks great,

Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages — all the officers of
state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to
pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped
their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-
haws.

10 But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and
young;
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his favorite glee-
men sung;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her
hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of
the Seal.

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the
veal?"

15 "Pshaw!" exclaimed the angry monarch; "Keeper, 'tis
not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest
impair.

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no
care?

Oh, I'm sick and tired and weary." Some one cried, "The
King's arm-chair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper
nodded,

20 Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two
footmen able-bodied;

Languidly he sank into it — it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm
and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like
to mine?"

Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to
thine?"

25 "What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and
old;

Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and
cold;

Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent
mold.

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and
bites;

Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the
lights;

30 Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious
fires;

Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly, for their
slaughtered sires."

"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one
admires."

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing
near."

35 "Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to
squeeze a tear);

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty
year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared with actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

40 "Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?"

"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die!" resumed the Bishop; "he a mortal like to *us*! Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*:"
45 Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
50 And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

55 "Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."

Canute turned toward the ocean — "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:

60 Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling, sounding on the shore;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore;

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
65 But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

NOTES

1 *King Canute*. (Ka nute.) A famous king of England, Denmark, and Norway; born about 994; died 1035.

4 *Chancellor*. A high officer of state.

4 *Sedate*. Quiet; composed.

5 *Chamberlains*. The chamberlain was the keeper of the treasure-chamber.

5 *Silver-sticks*. Field officers of the English life-guards.

5 *Gold-sticks*. Colonels of the life-guards, whose duty it is to attend the sovereign on state occasions. The silver-sticks and gold-sticks are

so named from the rods carried by these officers when they are on duty.

6 *Aides-de-camp*. (Aids-de-kong.) Confidential officers whose duties are to receive and communicate the orders of a general officer, act as his secretary, etc.

6 *Pages*. Boy attendants upon persons of rank or distinction.

8 *Courtiers*. The attendants at the court of a sovereign.

11 *Gleemen*. Minstrels or musicians; singers.

13 *Keeper of the Seal*. An officer of state who has charge of the great seal.

14 *Lampreys*. Fish, resembling eels in form.

17 *Prilhee*. I pray thee.

19 *Lackeys*. Attending servants; footmen.

31 *Sacrilegious*. Profaning or desecrating sacred things.

40 *Adam, Enoch*, etc. Bible characters.

43 *Communis omnibus*. (Latin.) Common to all.

45 *Cavil*. To find fault without any good reason for so doing.

49 *Jewish captain*. Joshua. See *Joshua* x, 12.

PART II · DRAMATIC READING

THESEUS

GRACE D. MCCARTHY

(From "Plays from the Wonder Book")

This is a Greek myth retold by Hawthorne. Theseus was the son of Ægeus and Æthra, whom Ægeus married in Trœzene. But he was forced to leave her and go back to be king in his own land of Athens. Before he left he put the sword and sandals under the rock, saying when his son could lift the rock he should take them and seek him out. This Theseus did, ridding the land of many monsters as he approached Athens, over which he finally became king after his father's death.

SCENE I

Theseus and Æthra

Æthra Theseus, my son, go into that thicket, lift the great flat stone which lies at the foot of the plane-tree and bring me what lies underneath.

Theseus Mother, I have tried every year, for three years 5 past, to lift the stone, but I have never lifted it nor do I think that any man could in all Trœzene.

Æthra The gods wait long; but they are just at last. Perhaps the day has come when you are the strongest man that lives in all Trœzene.

10 *Theseus* What is the meaning of that stone and what lies underneath it? For many years, mother, you have seen that I have spent all my days in wrestling and boxing and hurling, in training wild horses and hunting the boar and bull and coursing goats and deer among the rocks; till upon all the 15 mountains there is no hunter so swift as Theseus. Surely the gods are with me, but I haven't lifted the stone.

Æthra Try the stone again, and, Theseus, lift the stone this day, or never know who you are.

Theseus (*tugging at stone*) If I break my heart in my body, it shall up (*lifts stone*). See, mother, I have lifted it
5 and rolled it over.

Æthra What do you find?

Theseus A sword of bronze with hilt of glittering gold, and by it a pair of golden sandals.

Æthra Hide them in your bosom, Theseus, my son, and
10 come with me where we can look down upon the sea. (*They go to the outside wall.*) Do you see this land at our feet?

Theseus Yes, this is Trœzene, where I was born and bred.

Æthra It is but a little land, barren and rocky, and looks
15 towards the bleak northeast. Do you see that land beyond?

Theseus Yes, that is Attica, where the Athenian people dwell.

Æthra That is a fair land and large, Theseus, my son; and it looks toward the sunny South; the land of olives and
20 honey, the joy of gods and men. For the gods have girdled it with mountains, whose veins are of pure silver and their bones of marble white as snow; and there the hills are sweet with thyme and basil, and the meadows with violet and asphodel, and the nightingales sing all day in the thickets by
25 the side of flowing streams. What would you do, son Theseus, if you were king of such a land?

Theseus If I were king of such a land, I would rule it wisely and well in wisdom and in might, that when I died all men might weep over my tomb, and cry: "Alas, for the
30 shepherd of his people!"

Æthra Take, then, the sword and the sandals, and go to Ægeus, King of Athens, who lives on Pallas's hill; and say to him, "The stone is lifted, but whose is the pledge beneath it?" Then show him the sword and the sandals, and take
35 what the gods shall send.

Theseus (weeping) Shall I leave you, O my mother?

Æthra Weep not for me. That which is fated must be; and grief is easy to those who do naught but grieve. Full of sorrow was my youth, and full of sorrow my womanhood.
 5 Full of sorrow was my youth for Bellerophon, the slayer of the Chimæra, whom my father drove away by treason; and full of sorrow my womanhood for thy treacherous father and for thee; and full of sorrow my old age will be, for I see my fate in dreams, when the sons of the Swan shall carry me captive,
 10 till I sail across the seas a slave, the handmaid of the pest of Greece. Yet shall I be avenged, when the golden-haired heroes sail against Troy and sack the palaces of Ilium; then my son shall set me free from thralldom, and I shall hear the tale of Theseus's fame. Yet beyond that I see new sorrows;
 15 but I can bear them as I have borne the past.

SCENE II

Theseus and the Pallantids

Pallantids Hello, tall stranger at the door, what is your will to-day?

Theseus I am come hither to ask for hospitality.

Pallantids Then take it, and welcome. You look like
 20 a hero and a bold warrior, and we like such to drink with us.

Theseus I ask no hospitality of you; I ask it of Ægeus the King, the master of this house.

Pallantids Hey-day! we are all masters here.

Theseus Then I am master as much as the rest of you.
 25 (*He strides in and looks around.*)

Pallantids This is a forward fellow; he ought to be thrust out of the door. His shoulders are broad; will no one rise and put him out?

Theseus (to servant) Go tell King Ægeus, your master,
 30 that Theseus of Trœzene is here, and asks to be his guest awhile. (*Servant departs.*)

(Enter King Ægeus)

Ægeus Where is this Theseus? Is this the hero who has cleared the country from many monsters?

Theseus I have delivered the King's realm from many monsters; therefore I am come to ask a reward of the kind.

5 Ægeus It is little that I can give you, noble lad, and nothing that is worthy of you; for if the tales I hear be true, surely you are no mortal man, or at least no mortal's son.

Theseus All I ask is to eat and drink at your table.

Ægeus That I can give you, if at least I am master of my
10 own hall. Put a seat for Theseus and set before him the best of the feast.

(Enter Medea, the dark witch woman)

Medea How Ægeus turned red and pale when the lad said he came from Troezen, how his heart was open to him. All the sons of Pallas look like a pack of curs. This youth
15 will be master here; perhaps he is nearer to Ægeus already than mere fancy. At least the Pallantids will have no chance by the side of such as he. (*Handing Theseus a glass of wine.*) Hail to the hero, the conqueror, the unconquered, the destroyer of all evil things! Drink, hero, of my charmed
20 cup, which gives rest after every toil, which heals all wounds, and pours new life into the veins. Drink of my cup, for in it sparkles the wine of the East, and Nepenthe, the comfort of Immortals.

Theseus The wine is rich and fragrant and the wine
25 bearer is fair as the Immortals; but let her pledge me first herself in the cup, that the wine may be the sweeter from her lips.

Medea (*turning pale and stammering*) Forgive me, fair hero; but I am ill, and dare drink no wine.

30 Theseus Thou shalt pledge me in that cup or die. (*Lifting up his brazen club.*) (*Medea throws cup on ground and dashes out.*)

Ægeus What hast thou done? See how the stone bubbles and crumbles and hisses under the fierce venom of that draught.

Theseus I have rid the land of an enchantment. Now I
5 will rid it of one more. (*Showing sword and sandals.*) The stone is lifted, but whose is the pledge beneath it?

Ægeus (turning to the people) My son, my son! Behold my son, my people — a better man than his father was before him.

10 *Pallantids* Shall we make room for an upstart, a pretender, who comes from we know not where? If he be one, we are more than one.

(*Theseus drawing his sword and driving them before him.*) Go in peace, if you will, my cousins; but if not,
15 your blood be on your own heads. (*Going back to Ægeus.*) Why do you weep and turn away your face?

Ægeus You will know, my son. I hear the Herald at the door.

(*Enter Herald*)

Herald Oh, people and King of Athens, where is your
20 yearly tribute? (*Sound of great lamentation from without.*)

Theseus And who are you, dog-faced, who dare demand tribute here? If I did not reverence your Herald's staff, I would brain you with this club.

Herald Fair youth, I am not dog-faced or shameless;
25 but I do my master's bidding, Minos, the King of hundred-cited Crete, the wisest of all kings on earth. And you must be surely a stranger here, or you would know why I come, and that I come by right.

Theseus I am a stranger here. Tell me, then, why you
30 come.

Herald To fetch the tribute which King Ægeus promised to Minos, and confirmed his promise with an oath, for Minos conquered this land when he came hither with a great fleet of

ships, and raged about the murder of his son. For his son Androgeos came hither to the games and overcame all the Greeks in the sports, so that the people honored him as a hero, but when Ægeus saw his valor he envied him, plotted
5 against his life, and slew him basely. So Minos came hither and avenged him, and would not depart till this land had promised him tribute, seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship, till they come to hundred-citied Crete.

10 *Theseus* Were thou not a Herald. I would kill thee for saying such things. Father, tell me the truth.

Ægeus Blood was shed in the land unjustly, and by blood it is avenged. Break not my heart by questions; it is enough to endure in silence. (*Theseus groans.*)

15 *Theseus* I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill Minos upon his royal throne.

Ægeus You shall not go, my son, the light of my old age, to whom alone I look to rule this people after I am dead and gone. You shall not go, to die horribly, as those
20 youths and maidens die; for Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth from which no one can escape, entangled in its winding ways, before they meet the Minotaur, the monster, who feeds upon the flesh of men. There he devours them horribly, and they never see this land again.

25 *Theseus* Therefore all the more I will go with them, and slay the accursed beast. Have I not slain all evil-doers and monsters that I might free this land? And this Minotaur shall go the road which they have gone, and Minos himself, if he dares stay me.

30 *Ægeus* But how would you slay him, my son? For you must leave your club and your armor behind and be cast to the monster, defenseless and naked like the rest.

Theseus Are there no stones in that labyrinth; and have I not fists and teeth?

35 *Ægeus (clinging to him)* If you will go, my son, go!

Promise me but this, if you return in peace, though that may hardly be, take down the black sail of the ship, for I shall watch for it all day upon the cliffs, and hoist instead a white sail, that I may know from afar off that you are safe.

5 *Theseus (going to the head)* Here is a youth who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven.

Herald Fair youth, know you whither you are going?

Theseus I know. Let us go down to the black-sailed ship.

SCENE III

Theseus and Minos

10 *Theseus* A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the beast. For I came hither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot.

Minos Who art thou, then, brave youth?

Theseus I am the son of him whom of all men thou
15 hatest most, Ægeus, King of Athens, and I am come here to end this matter.

Minos The lad means to atone by his own death for his father's sin. Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die.

20 *Theseus* I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face.

Minos (frowning) Then thou shalt see him! Take the madman away.

(Enter Ariadne)

Ariadne Shame that such a youth should die! Flee
25 down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you, and all your friends, and go back in peace to Greece; and take me, take me with you! I dare

not stay after you are gone; for my father will kill me miserably if he knows what I have done.

Theseus I cannot go home in peace, till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, and avenged the deaths of the youths and maidens and put an end to the terrors of my land.

Ariadne And you will kill the Minotaur? How, then?

Theseus I know not, nor do I care; but he must be strong if he be too strong for me.

Ariadne But when you have killed him, how will you find
10 your way out of the labyrinth?

Theseus I know not, neither do I care; but it must be a strange road if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcass.

Ariadne Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you,
15 weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that, perhaps, you may slay the beast; and a clue of thread, and by that, perhaps, you may find your way out again. Only promise me, that if you escape safe, you will take me home with you to Greece; for my father will surely kill me if he
20 knows what I have done.

Theseus (*laughing and hiding the sword and the clue in his bosom*) Am I not safe enough now?

(*Enter Guard*)

Guard You are ordered to the labyrinth. (*Leads Theseus away.*)

SCENE IV

Theseus and Ariadne

25 *Theseus* It is done.

Ariadne Is the monster dead?

Theseus He is dead.

Ariadne Tell me of your adventure. Are you unhurt?

Theseus I went down into that doleful gulf, through

winding paths among the rocks, under caverns and arches, and over heaps of fallen stone. I turned on the left hand and on the right till my head was dizzy! But all the while I held my clue, for when I went in I had fastened it to a
 5 stone, and left it to unroll out of my hand, as I went along, and at last I met the Minotaur in a narrow chasm between black cliffs. When I saw him I stepped aside and stopped awhile, for I had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's; but his head was the head of a bull, and his
 10 teeth were the teeth of a lion, and with them he tore his prey. When he saw me he put down his head and rushed at me. I stepped nimbly aside and as he passed by, cut him in the knee. Ere he could turn in the narrow path I followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the
 15 monster fled bellowing wildly; for he had never before felt a wound. I followed him at full speed, holding the clue of thread in my left hand; through cavern after cavern we went, the hunter and the hunted, while the hills bellowed to the monster's bellow. At last I came up with him, caught
 20 him by the horns and drove the keen sword through his throat. Then I turned and came back limping and weary, feeling my way down by the clue of thread till I came to the mouth of that doleful place, and saw you waiting for me, Ariadne.

25 *Ariadne* So it is done. Let us be quick, there is no time to lose; we will set all the prisoners free, for the guard sleeps. Then we will hasten to the ship together, hoist the sail and escape to Naxos.

NOTES

317: 1 *Æthra*. Daughter of Pittheus, King of Trœzene. She was carried away by Castor and Pollux when they recovered Helen, whom Theseus had stolen.

317: 2 *Plane-tree*. The oriental plane-tree, an ornamental tree of European parks, is found growing wild from Persia to Italy. The native American plane-trees are better known as sycamore or buttonwood trees.

317: 6 *Træzene*. The capital of Træzenia in Argolis, a country of Peloponnesus, the peninsula forming the south of Greece proper, and connected with northern Greece by the Isthmus of Corinth.

317: 14 *Coursing*. Hunting.

318: 16 *Attica*. A country of Greece, containing Athens, the capital.

318: 23 *Thym and basil*. These are plants having a spicy, fragrant smell, used for seasoning soups, sauces, etc.

318: 24 *Asphodel*. A plant of the lily kind. In Greek mythology the asphodel was the plant of the dead.

319: 5 *Bellerophon*. In Greek mythology the son of King Glaucus of Corinth. He was famous as the rider of Pegasus, the winged horse, and also as the slayer of the Chimæra.

319: 6 *Chimæra*. This was a monster in Greek mythology, having three heads, a lion's, a goat's and a dragon's, and continually breathing out fire. The foreparts of its body were those of a lion, the middle a goat's, and the hinder a dragon's.

319: 9 *Sons of the Swan*. Castor and Pollux, twin sons of Zeus and Leda. According to the Greek legend their father appeared to their mother in the form of a swan.

319: 10 *Pest of Greece*. Helen of Troy.

319: 12 *Ilium*. The Troy of Greek legend.

319: 13 *Thralldom*. Slavery; servitude.

319: 16 *Pallantids*. Sons of Pallas, brother of Ægeus, whose heirs they were.

320: 12 *Medea*. The wife of Ægeus, famed for her witchcraft. She feared the influence of Theseus should he be king.

320: 22 *Nepenthe*. A magic drink, which was supposed to make persons forget their sorrows and misfortunes.

322: 21 *Labyrinth*. A number of passages running into one another from different directions, in which it is difficult or impossible to find the way from point to point, or to find the way out, without a clue or guide. A maze.

322: 22 *Minotaur*. This monster was supposed to have been half man and half bull.

323: 2 *Black sail of the ship*. This Theseus forgot to do, however, and Ægeus threw himself from the cliff where he was watching, and was drowned.

324: 16 *Clue of thread*. A ball or skein of thread.

325: 28 *Naxos*. One of the Cyclades, a cluster of islands in the Ægean Sea.

STORY OF CIRCE

GRACE D. McCARTHY.

(From "Plays from the Wonder Book")

This is one of the many wonderful adventures of Ulysses, king of Ithaca, on his return from the Siege of Troy, to his home. They are all related in the "Odyssey" of Homer, which everyone will want to read some time.

SCENE I

Ulysses and Eurylochus

Ulysses My friend, let us consult together. We do not know where or what this place may be. There is a necessity that someone should go ashore to explore the country. We must procure water and provisions. Our stock of both
5 is well-nigh spent.

Eurylochus Our plight is indeed pitiable, but my heart fails me when I call to mind the shocking fate of our fellows whom the Læstrigonians have eaten and those whom the foul Cyclop, Polyphemus, has crushed between his jaws.
10 The thought of them moves me to tears.

Ulysses But tears never yet supplied any man's want. Eurylochus, I place you in command of twenty-two of my men while I will take the others. I will take my men and go ashore.

15 *Eurylochus* No, Ulysses, let me share this danger. At least let us cast lots.

Ulysses I agree. Shall we draw the lots from your brazen helmet? (*They draw lots.*)

Eurylochus See — I have won.

Ulysses Yes, you have won. Go, take your half of the men.

SCENE II

Ulysses and Eurylochus

Ulysses What; Eurylochus, back again? Where are your companions?

5 *Eurylochus* Vanished.

Ulysses Vanished! Tell me how that may be!

Eurylochus Illustrious chief! We went until we reached a palace of bright stone set in a vale. Someone within was busily weaving an ample web and sang sweetly as she wrought. Polites, bolder than the rest, called aloud, and she came forth and opened the shining doors, and bade us enter.

Ulysses Well, what then?

Eurylochus My comrades entered. I alone, suspecting guile, remained without. Through the door I saw her place them all in chairs of state and set before them meal and honey and Smyrna wine, but mixed with baneful drugs of powerful enchantments, for when they had eaten of these and drunk of her cup, she touched them with her shining rod and straight they were transformed into swine, having the bodies of swine, the bristles and snout and grunting noise of that animal. Having changed them she shut them up in her sty with many more, and gave them swine's food, beech-nuts, acorns and chestnuts to eat.

Ulysses I suspect some foul witchcraft. Give me my sword and bow. Eurylochus, instantly lead me to the place.

Eurylochus (*kneeling*) Take me not thither. Force me not to go. Expose not your safety and the safety of us all to certain destruction. You will not return nor deliver one of our lost friends. Let us betake ourselves to instant flight and so escape.

Ulysses Eurylochus, remain here. Eat and drink in the

ship in safety while I go alone on this adventure. Necessity, from whose laws is no appeal, compels me.

SCENE III

Mercury and Ulysses

Mercury Whither wouldst thou go, O thou most erring of the sons of men? Knowest thou not that this is the house
5 of the great Circe, where she keeps thy friends in a loathsome sty, changed from the fair forms of men into the detestable and ugly shapes of swine? Art thou prepared to share their fate, from which nothing can ransom thee?

Ulysses Neither your words nor your coming from heaven
10 can stop me. Compassion for the misfortune of my friends has rendered me careless of danger.

Mercury Since thou must go let me make thee safe against the danger. Take this flower of the herb moly, which is proof against enchantments. Take this in thy hand and
15 with it boldly enter her gates. When she shall strike thee with her rod, thinking to change thee, as she has changed thy friends, boldly rush in upon her with thy sword, and extort from her the dreadful oath of the gods that she will use no enchantments against thee; then force her to restore thy
20 abused companions.

SCENE IV

Interior of Palace of Circe. Circe weaving

(A shout is heard without)

Circe Come in, fair stranger. Partake of our humble cheer. Let me give you a bowl of wine. (*Circe hands bowl to Ulysses. Ulysses drinks.*)

Circe (striking Ulysses with charming rod) "To your sty!
Out swine! Mingle with your companions.

Ulysses (draws sword and thrusts at Circe) So! Your charms have failed.

5 *Circe* Who or what manner of man art thou? Never drank any man before thee of this cup but he repented it in some brute's form. Thy shape remains unaltered as thy mind. Thou canst be none other than Ulysses, renowned above all the world for wisdom, whom the Fates have long
10 since decreed that I must obey. Deal gently with me.

Ulysses Why should I deal gently with you? Your meat is spiced with poison and your wine with death. You must swear to me that you will never attempt against me the treasons practiced upon my friends.

15 *Circe* I swear by the Styx, the great oath of the gods, that I meditate no injury to you.

Ulysses Make your atonement complete. Let me behold my dear companions free.

Circe Come, Ulysses, with me. I will set your com-
20 panions free.

(Exit)

NOTES

327: 12 *Læstrigonians*. A race of man-eating giants who destroyed the ships of Ulysses by throwing huge rocks on them from a mountain-top.

328: 7 *Illustrious*. Great; glorious.

328: 10 *Wrought*. Worked.

328: 16 *Smyrna*. The chief seaport of Asiatic Turkey.

328: 16 *Banejul*. Poisonous; destructive.

328: 18 *Straight*. At once.

330: 15 *Styx*. The river Styx in Greek mythology was the river that bounded the "underworld," the home of the dead, and by it the gods swore their most solemn vows.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

GRACE D. MCCARTHY

(From "Plays from the Wonder Book")

This is a story of Greek and Roman mythology retold by Hawthorne. The god who gave the old couple the pitcher also decreed that they should die at the same moment, and be changed into trees; Philemon into an oak and Baucis into a linden. This was their wish.

SCENE I

Baucis and Philemon seated at their cottage door

Philemon Ah, wife, I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is. I hear the rude shouts of children, and the fierce
5 barking of dogs in the village. It grows louder and louder.

Baucis Well-a-day! I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up children in this naughty way and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers.

10 *Philemon* Those children will never come to any good.

To tell the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village unless they mend their manners. But as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give
15 half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and eat it.

Baucis That's right, husband, so we will. I would rather go without my dinner any day than refuse a slice of brown

bread, a cup of new milk and a spoonful of honey to any weary traveler who might pause before our door. Such guests have a sort of holiness and they ought therefore to be treated better and more bountifully than we treat our own selves.

5 *Philemon* I never heard the dogs so loud.

Baucis Nor the children so rude. See, there are the travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them are those fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels, and a crowd of children, jeering and flinging stones at the strangers.

10 *Philemon* Both of these travelers are very humbly clad and look as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. I am afraid that this is the reason that the neighbors have allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely. Come, wife, let us go to
15 meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill.

Baucis Go you and meet them, while I make haste within doors and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders
20 towards raising their spirits.

(Baucis enters the house, Philemon goes to meet the strangers, who enter.)

Philemon Welcome, strangers! Welcome!

Quicksilver Thank you! This is quite a different greeting from that we met with yonder in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?

25 *Philemon* Ah! Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbors.

Quicksilver Well said, old father! And, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends; those
30 children (the little rascals!) have bespattered us finely with their mud balls; and one of the curs has torn my cloak,

which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off.

Philemon I am glad to see you in such good spirits and
5 that you are not disheartened by this rough treatment at the end of your day's journey. (*Aside*) He is dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of it sticks out over both ears. Though it is a warm evening he wears his cloak wrapped closely about him, perhaps because his
10 undergarments are shabby. His shoes are singular, but it is now growing dusk and perhaps I cannot see. (*Addressing the travelers*) You seem to be wonderfully light and active. I used to be light-footed in my youth. But I always found my feet grew heavier towards nightfall.

15 *Quicksilver* There is nothing like a good staff to help one along, and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see.

Philemon A curious piece of work, sure enough! A staff with wings! And two snakes carved in the wood so naturally
20 that I could almost believe them alive, wriggling and twisting. It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of! (*They approach the cottage door.*)

Philemon Friends, sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you
25 can have for supper. We are poor folk, but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard.

Jupiter Was there not a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?

Philemon Not in my day, friend, and yet I am an old
30 man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will still be the same when old Philemon shall
35 be gone and forgotten!

Jupiter That is more than can be safely foretold. Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!

5 *Philemon* Pray, my young friend, what may I call your name?

Quicksilver Why, I am very nimble, as you see. So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well.

Philemon Quicksilver? Quicksilver? It is a very odd
10 name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?

Quicksilver You must ask the thunder to tell it you! No other voice is loud enough.

Jupiter Have you always lived here, Philemon?

15 *Philemon* I have lived here all my life, have never been twenty miles away. With my dear wife Baucis I have dwelt in this cottage from my youth up, earning our bread by honest toil, poor but always contented. We have always loved one another, and have but one fear, that we may not
20 die as we have lived, together.

Jupiter You are a good old man and you have a good old wife to be your helpmeet. It is fit that your wish be granted.

(Baucis comes to the door)

Baucis Had we known you were coming, my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than
25 you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah, me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor save when a poor traveler knocks at our door.

Jupiter All will be very well. Do not trouble yourself,
30 my good dame; an honest welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia.

Baucis A welcome you shall have, and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides.

Quicksilver Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast! An absolute feast! And you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it. I think I never felt hungrier in my life.

Baucis (aside to Philemon) Mercy on us! If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!

(All go into the cottage)

SCENE II

Room in house of Philemon

(Quicksilver and Jupiter seated at a table, Baucis standing, waits on the table, while Philemon stands to one side.)

10 *Baucis* I fear there is but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. Here is the remnant of a brown loaf, a piece of cheese, and a little honey-comb. There is a bunch of grapes for each of you, and with this pitcher of milk you must make out. *(Baucis pours a bowl of milk for each guest.) (Aside.)*
 15 Since the supper is so exceedingly small, I do wish their appetites were not quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down they have both emptied all the milk in their bowls at a draught.

Quicksilver A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if
 20 you please. The day has been so hot and I am very much athirst.

Baucis Now, my dear people, I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. Oh, husband, husband! Why didn't we go without
 25 our supper?

Quicksilver Why, it appears to me, it really appears to me, that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher. (*Quicksilver picks up the pitcher and fills up the bowls.*)

5 *Baucis* But I am old, and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over.

Quicksilver What excellent milk! Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more. (*Baucis*
10 *pours milk.*)

Quicksilver And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis, and a little of that honey!

(*Baucis passes bread and honey and then goes and talks to Philemon.*)

Baucis Oh, Philemon, what do you think? I turned the pitcher upside down to show that it was empty and the milk
15 gushed out in such an abundant cascade that the bowl was immediately filled to the brim and the milk overflowed upon the table and the floor. The milk had a most delicious fragrance and a crumb of the bread which I tasted was so delicious I cannot believe it is my own kneading and baking.
20 Yet what other loaf could it be? Did you ever hear of the like?

Philemon No, I never did. And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the
25 business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought — that is all.

Baucis Ah, husband, say what you will, these are very uncommon people.

Philemon Well, well, perhaps they are. They certainly
30 do look as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper.

Quicksilver Very admirable grapes these! Pray, my good, host, where did you gather them?

Philemon From my own vine; you may see one of its branches twisting across the window yonder. But wife and
5 I never thought the grapes very fine ones.

Quicksilver I never tasted better. Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince.

(Philemon goes to table and takes up pitcher)

Philemon The pitcher is empty — why, what is this?
10 A little white fountain gushes up from the bottom of the pitcher. It is full to the brim with foaming and delicious milk. Who are ye, who are ye, wonder-working strangers?

Jupiter Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends. Give me likewise a cup of milk; and may your pitcher never
15 be empty, for kind Baucis and yourself any more than for the needy wayfarer!

Baucis Now that our poor and meagre supper has proven so much better than we hoped, are you ready to be shown to a place of repose?

20 *Philemon (to Quicksilver)* How under the sun did a fountain of milk get into that old earthen pitcher?

Quicksilver That staff is the whole mystery of the affair; and if you can make it out, I will thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing
25 such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper and, quite as often, stealing it away again, If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say that the stick was bewitched!

Jupiter Come, let us go with the good Baucis. We
30 must arise with the sun and depart.

[Exit]

SCENE III

In front of the house of Philemon

(Enter all)

Philemon Ah, me! Well-a-day! If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs and never allow their children to fling another stone.

5 *Baucis* It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so — that it is! And I mean to go this very day and tell some of them what naughty people they are!

Quicksilver I fear that you will find none of them at home.

Jupiter When men do not feel towards the humblest
10 stranger as if he were a brother, they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood.

Quicksilver And, by the by, my dear people, where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does
15 it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts.

Philemon Why, Baucis, there is no longer any village; even the fertile vale in which it lay has ceased to have existence. In its stead, the broad blue surface of a lake fills the great
20 basin of the valley from brim to brim, as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world.

Baucis Alas! What has become of our poor neighbors?

Jupiter They exist no longer as men and women. There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they
25 never softened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retain no image of the better life in their bosoms; therefore, the lake, that was of old, has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky!

30 *Quicksilver* And as for those foolish people, they are all

transformed to fishes. They needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled
5 trout, he can throw in a line, and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbors!

Baucis Ah, I would not for the world put one of them on the gridiron!

Philemon No, we could never relish them!

10 *Jupiter* As for you, good Philemon, and you, kind Baucis, you, with your scanty means, have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless strangers that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar and the brown loaf and the honey were ambrosia. Thus, the
15 divinities have feasted at your board, off the same viands which supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear friends, wherefore request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted.

Philemon and Baucis Let us live together, while we live,
20 and leave the world at the same instant, when we die, for we have always loved one another!

NOTES

334: 31 *Fare*. Food; entertainment with food provided.

334: 32 *Nectar and ambrosia*. Nectar was the wine of the gods, while ambrosia was their food. The meaning of "ambrosia" was "immortal."

337: 16 *Wayfarer*. A traveler, especially one who travels on foot.

339: 15 *Divinities*. The gods.

339: 15 *Viands*. Food.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

LENA SOUTHARD

A Christmas Carol is based on Charles Dickens' story of that name. Scrooge is a miser who lives all alone and shows no love for anybody. To him in his sleep on Christmas Eve come three spirits, the ghost of his past Christmases, of his present Christmas and of the Christmas that will be. The first shows him his young life; the second, the misery he has it in his power to help and the joy he might have; and the third shows him the lonely grave, forlorn and unkempt, in which he will lie unless he repents. This last vision frightens Old Scrooge and he awakes, a changed man, overjoyed to find it is only Christmas morning.

ACT I

SCENE I

Interior of Scrooge's office. Two tables. Two chairs. Fireplace. Coal-box. Three maids dusting office.

Jane (dusting books on table) Did you ever notice the sign over the door of this office?

Sally (dusting chair) Yes. But I never noticed anything queer about it, did you?

5 *Jane (pausing)* It says "Scrooge and Marley." Now *who's* Marley? I never noticed anyone about this office but Mr. Scrooge.

Sally (sitting down to rest) Oh, Marley was Scrooge's partner. They were partners for I don't know how many
10 years. But he died seven years ago to-night.

Maria Scrooge was his sole administrator, his sole friend, and his sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solem-

nized it with an undoubted bargain. Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. The firm is still known as "Scrooge and Marley." Sometimes people new to the business call Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answers to
5 both names; it's all the same to him.

Sally (resting on broom) Oh, but he's a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint; secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster.

10 *Maria (scornfully)* The heaviest rain, snow, hail, and sleet can boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "come down" handsomely, but Scrooge never does.

Sally Nobody ever stops him on the street to say, "My
15 dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?"

No beggars implore him to bestow a trifle, no children ask him what it is o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his his life inquired the way to such and such a place of Scrooge.

Jane Even the blind men's dogs seem to know him; for
20 when they see him coming, they tug their masters into doorways and courts; and then wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

Sally What does Scrooge care? It is the very thing he
25 likes, to edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance.

Jane (laughing) They say the boys come by his office on Christmas Eve and sing Christmas carols through the key-hole! (*Laughs.*) It makes Scrooge so angry.

(*Enter clerk, draws chair up to table and begins writing.*)

30 *Sally (shivering)* Oh, but this is cold, bitter weather! (*Whispers.*) They say Scrooge won't allow his clerk enough coal to keep warm. Here comes Scrooge now! Good-morning, Mr. Scrooge. (*No answer. Exit maids.*)

(*Scrooge writes at table. Enter Scrooge's nephew, his face ruddy and handsome; eyes sparkle. Nephew carries some Christmas packages.*)

Nephew (joyously) A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!

Scrooge Bah! Humbug!

Nephew Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean 5 that, I'm sure.

Scrooge I do. Merry Christmas! What *right* have you to be merry? What *reason* have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

Nephew Come, then. What *right* have you to be dismal? 10 What *reason* have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

Scrooge Bah! Humbug!

Nephew Don't be cross, uncle.

Scrooge What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! 15 What's Christmas time to you, but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will, every 20 idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

Nephew Uncle!

Scrooge Nephew! Keep Christmas in your way, and let 25 me keep it in mine.

Nephew Keep it? But you don't keep it!

Scrooge Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

Nephew There are many things from which I might have 30 derived good by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought

of Christmas time — apart from the veneration due its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long
5 calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And, therefore, uncle, though it has never
10 put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

(Clerk applauds, then pokes fire to cover confusion.)

Scrooge (angrily) Let me hear another sound from you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation.
15 You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

Nephew Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.

Scrooge I'll not!

20 *Nephew* But why? Why?

Scrooge Why did you get married?

Nephew Because I fell in love.

Scrooge (disgusted) Because you fell in love! Good-afternoon!

25 *Nephew* Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

Scrooge Good-afternoon.

Nephew I want nothing of you; I ask nothing of you;
30 why cannot we be friends?

Scrooge Good-afternoon.

Nephew I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have

been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a Merry Christmas, uncle!

Scrooge Good-afternoon.

5 *Nephew* And a Happy New Year.

Scrooge Good-afternoon.

Nephew (to clerk as he goes out) Happy New Year!

Clerk Same to you.

Scrooge (to himself) There's another fellow, my clerk,
10 with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a Merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam.

(As clerk lets nephew out, he lets two portly gentlemen in. They are pleasant to behold and stand, hats off, books and papers in hands, and bow to Scrooge.)

Gentleman (referring to list) Scrooge and Marley's, I believe. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

15 *Scrooge* Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago this very night.

Gentleman We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner. *(Presenting his credentials. Scrooge frowns, shakes head, and hands credentials*
20 *back.)* At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common
25 comforts, sir.

Scrooge Are there no prisons?

Gentleman (laying down pen) Plenty of prisons.

Scrooge And the Union work-houses? Are they still in operation?

30 *Gentleman* They are. Still, I wish I could say they were not.

Scrooge The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor then?

Gentleman Both very busy, sir.

Scrooge Oh! I was afraid from what you said at first, 5 that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course. I'm very glad to hear it.

Gentleman Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christmas cheer of mind and body to the multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor 10 some meat and drink and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?

Scrooge Nothing!

15 *Gentleman* You wish to be anonymous?

Scrooge I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help support the establishments I have mentioned; 20 they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there.

Gentleman Many can't go there; and many would rather die.

Scrooge If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. It's not my business. 25 It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good-afternoon, gentlemen.

(Gentlemen withdraw. Boy sings a Christmas carol through the keyhole.)

Boy (singing) "God bless you, merry gentlemen! May nothing you dismay!"

(Scrooge seizes ruler with such energy of action, that the singer flees in terror. Clerk starts to get coal.)

Scrooge If you get coal much oftener we'll have to part.
(*Clerk draws muffler closer around him and warms hands over candle.*) I suppose you'll want all day to-morrow.

Clerk If quite convenient, sir.

5 *Scrooge* It is not convenient and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound. (*Clerk smiles faintly*) And yet you don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

Clerk It's only once a year, sir.

10 *Scrooge* A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! Be here all the earlier the next morning!

Clerk I will, sir. (*Snuffs out candle and departs.*)

(*Scrooge writes rapidly. Glances up, sees a bell begin to swing, softly at first, then rings out loudly, and so do a number of bells in the building. Scrooge sees this with dread and astonishment. Bells cease and are followed by a clanking sound, as if some person were dragging chains, sound comes straight toward his door.*)

Scrooge It's humbug still! I won't believe it.

(*Stage darkens at first as booming sound is heard. Sound ceases.*)

Scrooge (*shaking with fear. Searches room*) Nobody
15 under the table, nobody in the drawer, nobody in the chimney. Hum! (*Sees Marley's ghost — in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots. The chain he drags is clasped about his waist. Chain made — Scrooge observes this closely — of cash-box keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy steel purses.*
20 *Folded kerchief bound about head and chin.*) How! How! (*Caustic and cold as ever*) What do you want with me?

Marley's Ghost Much!

Scrooge (aside) Marley's voice, no doubt about it. (*Aloud*)
Who are you?

Marley's Ghost Ask me who I was.

Scrooge (raising his voice) Who were you, then? You're
10 particular for a shade.

Marley's Ghost In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.
You don't believe in me.

Scrooge I don't know.

Marley's Ghost What evidence would you have of my
15 reality beyond that of your own senses?

Scrooge I don't know.

Marley's Ghost Why do you doubt your senses?

Scrooge Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an
20 undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are. (*Scrooge talks to keep down his terror*) You see this toothpick?

Marley's Ghost (staring straight in front with stony gaze)
25 I do.

Scrooge You are not looking at it.

Marley's Ghost But I see it, notwithstanding.

Scrooge Well! I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of
30 my own creation. Humbug! I tell you — humbug!

(*Marley's Ghost raises frightful cry, shakes chain with such dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge holds tight to chair to save himself from falling in a swoon. Scrooge falls on knees, and clasps hands before his face.*)

Scrooge Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

Marley's Ghost Man of worldly mind! Do you believe in me or not?

Scrooge I do. I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?

Marley's Ghost It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen, and travel far and wide, and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world — oh, woe is me! — and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth and turned to happiness. (*Raises a cry, shakes chain, and wrings its*
10 *shadowy hands.*)

Scrooge (trembling) You are fettered. Tell me why.

Ghost I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard. I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange
15 to you? (*Scrooge trembles more and more.*) Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!

(*Scrooge glances about him on floor as if expecting to see himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable*).

20 *Scrooge (imploringly)* Jacob! Oh, Jacob Marley, tell me more! Speak comfort to me, Jacob.

Ghost I have none to give. It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very
25 little more is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting house, mark me! in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!

(*Scrooge always puts hands in pockets when thoughtful, he does so now.*)

Scrooge (*business-like manner, but with humility and deference*) You must have been very slow about it, Jacob.

Ghost Slow!

Scrooge (*musingly*) Seven years dead, and traveling all
5 the time.

Ghost The whole time. No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse.

Scrooge You travel fast.

Ghost On the wings of the wind.

10 *Scrooge* You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years.

(*Ghost wails, clanks chain.*)

Ghost Oh! Oh! Captive, bound and double-ironed, not to know that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good
15 of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one's life's opportunity misused. Yet
20 such was I! Oh! such was I!

Scrooge But you were always a good man of business, Jacob. (*Begins to apply this to himself.*)

Ghost Business! Mankind was my business; the common welfare was my business, charity, mercy, forbearance,
25 and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business. (*Holds up chain and flings it down.*) At this time of the year I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never
30 raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me? Hear me! My time is nearly gone.

Scrooge (*quaking*) I will. But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob!

Ghost How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I cannot tell. I have sat invisible beside you, 5 many, many a day. (*Scrooge shivers and wipes perspiration from his brow.*) That is no light part of my penance. I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.

10 *Scrooge* You were always a good friend to me.

Ghost You will be haunted by spirits.

Scrooge Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?

Ghost It is.

15 *Scrooge* I — I think I'd rather not.

Ghost Without their visits you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Look to see me no more. And look, that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!

(*Scrooge looks up and sees Ghost walk backward and at every step the window raises itself a little, so that when the Ghost reaches it, it is wide open. Ghost beckons Scrooge to approach, which he does. When they are within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost holds up its hand, warning him to come no nearer, Scrooge stops, not so much in obedience as in surprise and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused sounds in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentations, regret; wailings, sorrowful and self-accusatory. The Ghost, after listening for a moment, joins in the mournful dirge, and floats out. Scrooge goes to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He looks out, hears moanings, ghosts flit by, wearing chains. Finally all is quiet. Scrooge closes window. Returns to chair bewildered, and falls asleep. Low music. After a time Scrooge wakes. Spirit of Christmas Past enters at back of stage, unseen by Scrooge, pauses back of him.*)

Scrooge (bewildered) Was it a dream or not?

(*Spirit of Christmas Past moves in front of Scrooge. Dressed in a tunic of purest white; and round its waist is bound a lustrous belt. It holds a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and its dress is covered with flowers.*)

Scrooge Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold me?

Spirit of Christmas Past I am. (*Voice soft and gentle.*)

5 *Scrooge* Who and what are you?

Spirit I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

Scrooge Long past?

Spirit No. Your past.

Scrooge What business brought you here?

10 *Spirit* Your welfare!

Scrooge Thank you!

Spirit Come with me and I will show you a Christmas in your past.

(*Leads Scrooge to dark corner of stage. Old gentleman enters, dressed in colonial suit, a jolly comfortable looking fellow, begins decorating office with holly, mistletoe, etc. Works hurriedly, gleefully.*)

Scrooge to Spirit (gentleman is perfectly unconscious of his
15 *presence*) Why, it's old Fezziwig! I was his apprentice!
Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig alive again!

(*Fezziwig rubs hands, adjusts his capacious waistcoat, laughs all over himself, and calls out in a comfortable, oily, rich, jovial voice.*)

Spirit Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!

(*Enter Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, and Dick, Scrooge's fellow-apprentice.*)

Fezziwig (slapping them on back) Yo ho, my boys! No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer Scrooge! Let's have the shutters up before a man can say Jack Robinson! *(Both charge in street to put up shutters and charge in again while Fezziwig looks joyfully around.)* Hilli-ho! *(skipping about)* Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room, here! Hillo-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!

(Every movable object is packed off in a minute; lamps are trimmed, fuel heaped upon the fire.)

Fezziwig Now it looks as snug and warm and dry and 10 bright as a ball-room! Come, everybody *(calls to people out in factory)*. No more work to-night.

(Enter fiddler with music-rack, plays jigs and lively dance-music. In comes Mrs Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile, the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable, the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In come all the young men and women employed in the business. In come house-maid, baker, cook, milkman. In they all come, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some pushing, some pulling, in they all come anyhow and everyhow. Away they go, twenty couple at once. Virginia Reel or any square dance. When dancing is over, Old Fezziwig claps hands and cries) "Well done!"

(Fiddler tunes up, "Sir Roger de Coverley.") Old Fezziwig stands out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. All dance. Then Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig take their stands on either side of the door, shake hands with everyone, as he or she go out, wishing them a Merry Christmas. All go. Cheerful voices die away. During this time, Scrooge has acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul have been in the scene, and with his former self. He remembers everything, enjoys

everything. Suddenly he becomes conscious that the Spirit is looking at him.)

Spirit of Christmas Past A small matter to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.

Scrooge Small!

Spirit Why is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money — three or four — perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?

Scrooge It isn't that. It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count them up — what then? The happiness he gives us is quite as great as if it cost a fortune. *(Feels the Spirit's glance and stops.)*

Ghost What is the matter?

15 *Scrooge* Nothing particular.

Ghost Something I think.

Scrooge No! No! I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all.

(Attention called to young lady and young man entering, young man carries chair for lady, then brings in one for himself. Young girl is in mourning dress.)

Young Girl It matters little *(gazing in fire, young man, Scrooge's former self, leaning on mantel-piece)* To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me, and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve.

Young Man What idol has displaced you?

25 *Young Girl* A golden one.

Scrooge's Former Self This is the even handed dealings of the world! There is nothing on which it is so hard as

poverty, and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth.

Young Girl You fear the world too much. All your hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid approach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off, one by one, until, the master passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?

Young Man What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed toward you. (*Silence.*)
10 Am I?

Young Girl Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You are changed. When it was made, you were
15 another man.

Young Man I was a boy. (*Impatiently.*)

Young Girl Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are. I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that
20 we are two. How often and how keen I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I have thought of it, and can release you.

Young Man Have I ever sought release?

Young Girl In words, no. Never.

25 *Young Man* In what, then?

Young Girl In a changed nature; in an altered spirit, in another atmosphere of life; another Hope has its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us, tell me, would
30 you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!

Young Man You think not?

Young Girl I would gladly think otherwise if I could, Heaven knows. When I have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were
35 free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I, believe that you

would choose a dowerless girl — you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain, or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your own guiding principles to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you, with a full heart, for love of him you once were. (*He starts to speak, she motions him to be silent, moves toward door on left and resumes talking*) You may know, the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen! (*She moves out of door. Young man takes hat and goes slowly out right.*)

15 *Scrooge to Spirit* Show me no more! Why do you delight to torture me? Leave me! Haunt me no more! (*Spirit glides out left. Scrooge turns to right and starts to see another Spirit coming in right. Spirit is dressed in a simple, green robe, bordered with fur, a holly wreath is on the head, set here*
20 *and there with shining icicles; its very voice is chcery.*)

Spirit of Christmas Present You have never seen the like of me before?

Scrooge Never.

Spirit of Christmas Present Have never walked forth
25 with the younger members of my family, meaning — for I am very young — my elder brothers born in these later years?

Scrooge I don't think I have. I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?

Spirit of Christmas Present More than eighteen hundred.

30 *Scrooge* A tremendous family to provide for!

Spirit (submissively) If you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it.

ACT II

SCENE I

(*Interior of Bob Cratchit's Home. Spirit and Scrooge back in dim corner. Dining-room, cheaply but cozily furnished. Mrs. Cratchit and daughter Belinda setting the table. Peter Cratchit mashing potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar into his mouth. Two small Cratchits, boy and girl, come tearing in and dance round table.*)

Small Cratchit We smelt the goose down by the baker's and knew it for our own! (*Small Cratchits put fingers in eatables.*)

Mrs. Cratchit Don't do that, my dears. Go sit in your
5 little rocking chairs until we are ready. What has ever got your precious father? And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour.

Small Cratchit Here's Martha, mother! Hurrah, there's such a goose, Martha! .

10 *Mrs. Cratchit* Why bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are! (*Taking off her cap and shawl.*)

Martha We'd a deal of work to finish up last night and had to clear away this morning, mother!

Mrs. Cratchit Well! Never mind so long as you have
15 come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless you!

Small Cratchit No. No! There's father coming. Hide, Martha, hide! (*Martha hides. Bob, Scrooge's clerk, enters with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Tiny Tim flourishes a*
20 *crutch.*)

Bob Why, where's our Martha. (*Looking around.*)

Mrs. Cratchit Not coming.

Bob Not coming! Not coming upon Christmas Day!

(*Martha runs out from behind into his arms. Two young Cratchits hustle Tiny Tim to see the goose.*)

Mrs. Cratchit And how did little Tim behave?

Bob As good as gold and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me coming home that he
5 hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day Who made lame beggars walk and blind
men see.

Mrs. Cratchit The little dear!

10 *Bob* I think he'll soon grow strong and hearty. (*Enter Tiny Tim on crutch, goes to fireplace.*)

Tiny Tim I pulled a plum out of the plum pudding.

Mrs. Cratchit Sit up the chairs, children. Martha dear, go fetch the goose. (*All sit down to table.*)

15 *Tiny Tim* (*pounding table*) Hurrah!

Small Cratchit (*to Bob as he begins to carve*) Give me a big piece.

Martha I'll take the leg.

Bob I don't believe there ever was such a goose cooked.

20 *Martha* It's so tender!

Tiny Tim And so cheap.

Small Cratchit And so big!

Martha It tastes nice and goosey.

Tiny Tim I feel like I had sage and onion up to my eye-
25 brows.

Martha We are going to have plum pudding.

Peter (*sniffs*) It smells like a washing-day.

Martha That's the cloth. It smells like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress
30 next door to that. (*Laughs*) Oh, I almost forgot to tell you the news! What do you think! I saw a real countess and lord to-day; the lord was about as tall as Peter.

(Enter Mrs. Cratchit with pudding. Chorus "Oh!")

Mrs. Cratchit It's all right. I was so nervous. I was afraid it wouldn't be done or would *break* in the turning out. Then I thought suppose some one should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while we were making
5 merry with the goose. But it's all right.

Small Cratchit I can eat a big piece.

Martha I can eat two pieces.

Tiny Tim I want a piece with a million raisins in it.

Bob I regard it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs.
10 Cratchit since our marriage.

Mrs. Cratchit Now the weight's off my mind, I will confess I had my doubts about the quantity of flour.

Bob Cratchit It's a wonderful pudding. Oh, I saw Mr. Scrooge's nephew on the street; he wished me a Merry
15 Christmas. He is the pleasantest spoken gentleman you ever heard. He said, "Remember me to your good wife." By the by, how he ever knew that, I don't know.

Mrs. Cratchit Knew what, my dear?

Bob Why that you were a good wife.

20 *Peter* Everybody knows that.

Bob Very well observed, my boy! I hope they do. "Remember me," he said, "to your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way," he said, giving me his card, "that's where I live. Pray come to me!" Now it wasn't for
25 the sake of anything he might do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful.

Mrs. Cratchit I'm sure he's a good soul.

Bob You would be sure of it, my dear, if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be surprised at all, mark what I
30 say, if he got Peter a better situation.

Mrs. Cratchit Only hear that, Peter.

Martha And then Peter will be keeping company with some one and setting up for himself.

Peter Get along with you!

Bob It's just as likely as not. Oh, we mustn't forget our Christmas toast! A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears, God bless us!

5 *Tiny Tim* God bless us, every one!

Bob Mr. Scrooge. I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast.

Mrs. Cratchit The Founder of the Feast indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast
10 upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

Bob My dear—the children—Christmas Day!

Mrs. Cratchit It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is,
15 Robert! Nobody know it better than you do, poor fellow!

Bob My dear, Christmas Day!

Mrs. Cratchit I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's, not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very
20 happy, I have no doubt.

Tiny Tim I feel so happy. I feel just like singing.

Mrs. Cratchit The little dear! Sing for us.

(*Tiny Tim sings*)

SCENE II

(*Interior of Nephew's living room. Well furnished for comfort and beauty. Circle of friends, all laughing loudly as curtain rises. Scrooge and Spirit at back of room.*)

Nephew (laughing) Ha, ha! ha, ha! he said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it, too.

5 *Niece* (Fred's wife, indignant) More shame for him, Fred!

Nephew He's a comical old fellow, that's the truth, and

not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment and I have nothing to say against him.

Niece I am sure he is very rich, Fred. At least you always tell me so.

Nephew What of that, my dear! His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do anything with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking — ha, ha! — that he is ever going to benefit us with it.

10 *Niece* I have no patience with him.

Nephew Oh, I have, I am sorry for him. I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill-whims? Himself always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us and he doesn't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner.

Niece Indeed. I think he loses a very good dinner.

Nephew Well! I'm glad to hear it, for I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers.

Niece (*clapping hands*) Do go on, Fred! He never finishes what he begins to say, he's such a ridiculous fellow.

Nephew I was only going to say that in consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his moldy old office or his dusty rooms. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it — I defy him — if he finds me going there year after year, and saying, "Uncle Scrooge, how are you?" If it only puts him in a vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, that's something, and I think I shook him yesterday.

Topper I'd like to see you shake Mr. Scrooge. (*All laugh.*)

35 *Nephew* But I did, I'm sure. Let's have a game of

"Yes and No." (*Scrooge shows great interest in this game*)
Let me see. Oh (*laughs*) I have it!

Niece Is it a plant?

Nephew No.

5 *Topper* Is it an animal?

Nephew (*laughing*) Yes.

Plump Sister Is it a live animal?

Nephew Yes.

Other Sister Rather disagreeable animal?

10 *Nephew* Yes.

Topper A savage animal?

Nephew Yes.

Niece An animal that growls and grunts?

Nephew Yes.

15 *Topper* Does it talk?

Nephew Yes.

Plump Sister Does it live in London?

Nephew Yes.

Other Sister Does it walk the streets?

20 *Nephew* Yes.

Topper Is it ever made a show of?

Nephew No.

Niece Is it led by anybody?

Nephew No.

25 *Topper* Does it live in a menagerie?

Nephew No.

Niece Was it ever killed in market?

Nephew No.

Plump Sister It's a horse.

30 *Nephew* No.

Niece A cow.

Nephew No.

Other Sister A tiger.

(*Nephew stamps and laughs.*)

Niece A dog.

Topper A pig.

Plump Sister A cat.

Topper A bear.

5 *Niece* I have found it out. I know what it is, Fred. I know what it is!

Nephew What is it?

Niece It's Uncle Scrooge!

(*All laugh.*)

Nephew (laughing) Well, he has given us plenty of
10 merriment, I am sure, and it would be ungrateful not to drink to his health. I say, "Uncle Scrooge."

All Well! Uncle Scrooge!

Nephew A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is. He wouldn't take it from me,
15 but may he have it, nevertheless! Uncle Scrooge.

All A Merry Christmas, Uncle Scrooge!

ACT III

SCENE I

(*Interior of Scrooge's office. Scrooge asleep, awakes, rubs eyes, jumps up, happy but bewildered.*)

Scrooge Ah, I remember it all now, the Spirits and the shadows. The curtains are here, they are not torn down, they are here. I am here; the shadows of the things that
20 would have been may be dispelled. They will be, I know they will. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. Oh, Jacob

Marley, Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees! I don't know what to do. I am as light as a feather! I am as happy as an angel. I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy
5 as a drunken man.

A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! Hallo, here! Whoop!· Hallo! (*Frisks about the room.*) There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat. There's the window where I saw
10 the wandering Spirits. It's all right, it's all true, it all happened! Ha, ha, ha! I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything, I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo, here! (*Calls to boy out window*) What's to-day?

15 *Boy (down on street)* Eh?

Scrooge What's to-day, my fine fellow?

Boy To-day? Why, Christmas Day.

Scrooge (delighted) It's Christmas Day. I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do
20 anything they like. Of course they can! Of course they can! Of course they can! Hallo, my fine fellow!

Boy Hallo.

Scrooge Do you know the Poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?

25 *Boy* I should hope I did.

Scrooge An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they have sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey—the big one?

Boy What, the big one as big as me?

30 *Scrooge* What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my boy.

Boy It's hanging there now.

Scrooge Is it? Go and buy it.

Boy Joking?

35 *Scrooge* No, no! I'm in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell

them to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back in five minutes and I'll give you a shilling. Come back in three minutes and I'll give you half a crown. (*Boy is off like a shot. Scrooge rubs hands together and is fairly splitting with laughter.*) I'll send it to Bob Cratchit. He shan't know who sent it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be. (*Enter boy and grocer with turkey.*) Hallo! Well, that is a turkey. He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird! He would have snapped them off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax. Why it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town. You must have a cab. Here's the money for the turkey (*chuckles*). Here's the money for the cab. (*Laughs*) And here's the money for the run. (*Grocer and boy bow themselves out. Scrooge sinks in chair, laughing.*) Such a joke! Won't Tiny Tim pound the table! Why, I'll have to send them a stove to bake it in. (*Laughs*) If I can just catch Bob Cratchit coming late. (*Goes to look at clock.*) It's nine and no Bob. (*Writes at desk, looks up and catches sight of gentleman through window*) There's the gentleman who came in yesterday and said, "Scrooge and Marley, I believe." I'll call him (*knocks on window. Gentleman enters.*)

Scrooge (taking gentleman by both hands) My dear sir, how are you? I hope you raised a good sum yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!

Gentleman (surprised) Why, it's Mr. Scrooge.

Scrooge Yes. That is my name and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness to put me down for one thousand pounds.

Gentleman Zounds! Mr. Scrooge. Are you serious?

Scrooge If you please, not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?

Gentleman My dear Sir, I don't know what to say to such muni —

Scrooge (interrupting) Don't say anything, please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?

5 *Gentleman* I will, most certainly.

Scrooge Thank you. I am obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you! (*Exit gentleman.*)

Scrooge (goes to desk, laughs) A quarter past. No Bob. He's full eighteen and a half minutes behind time.

(*Enter Bob with hat off before entering door, muffler too. Seated in jiffy, writes rapidly.*)

10 *Scrooge (growls like his former self)* Hallo! What do you mean by coming here this time of day?

Clerk I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind time.

Scrooge You are? Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please.

15 *Clerk* It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yeserday, sir.

Scrooge Now I tell you what, I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore (*leaping from chair and slapping Bob*) and therefore, I am about to raise your
20 salary! A Merry Christmas, Bob! A Merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary and help your family and we'll talk it over this very afternoon. Make up the fires and buy a ton of coal, two tons, fifty tons, before you dot another i, Bob
25 Cratchit. I'm going to be as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as this good old city knows or any other good old city, town or county, in the good old world. Some people may laugh at the new Scrooge, Bob Cratchit; but let them laugh, they might as well wrinkle up their eyes in grins
30 as in other ways that are not so pretty. So, a Merry Christmas and God bless us, Every One.

NOTES

340: 11 *Administrator*. One who settles the estate of a person dying without leaving a will.

344: 1 *Homage*. Respect; reverence.

344: 11 *Bedlam*. A mad-house; an asylum or hospital for the insane.

344: 18 *Credentials*. Letters showing that the one to whom they belonged has a right to credit and confidence; letters of recommendation.

344: 28 *Work-houses*. Poor-houses.

345: 1 *Treadmill and Poor Law*. The treadmill was a method of punishment used in prisons, consisting of an appliance for producing rotary motion by a man stepping on movable steps connected with a revolving cylinder or wheel. The Poor Law provided for the support of paupers at public expense.

345: 14 *Anonymous*. Of unknown name; name not given.

346: 22 *Caustic*. Sarcastic.

349: 6 *Incessant*. Unceasing.

354: 6 *Engrosses*. Occupies wholly.

JOAN OF ARC

MARY A. LASELLE

(From "Dramatizations of School Classics")

Joan of Arc was a French peasant girl, only seventeen years of age, who in 1429 suddenly appeared to lead the French armies to victory and drive out the English from the kingdom. She claimed that she was impelled to her task by angel voices that since childhood had spoken to her under the "talking oak" of her native village of Domrémy. Though she was victorious she finally fell into the hands of the English, and was burned at the stake as a witch and heretic. Schiller has written a drama about her called "The Maid of Orleans."

SCENE I

(A group of children dancing around the Fairy Tree, singing the Tree Song. Joan should be dressed in white. Children have garlands of flowers which they hang upon tree.)

THE TREE SONG

This beauteous tree with leaves so green,
Wondrous tree of Fairy-land.
The children come to you each day,
You shield them in their happy play,
5 And guard them on their homeward way,
Their love, and joy and pride.

We love you for your dancing leaves,
Wondrous tree of Fairy-land,
And 'neath your boughs, we know, perchance,
We'll see the merry fairies dance
10 In gladsome, jovial, elfish pranks,
When moonbeams light the green.

Point ever toward blue skies above,
Wondrous tree of Fairy-land.
May joy and peace and naught of strife,
Come to us as we go through life,
5 And may we, freed from war-cries rife,
Thy children ever be.

(Children run merrily from stage at conclusion of song.)

SCENE II

Joan and Philippe, a boy of the nobility

(Stage setting as before.)

Philippe I have been pondering upon this thing for many days. Poor France has been in a desperate case ever since the battle of Agincourt.

10 *Joan* France in desperate case? What is your reason for thinking that?

Philippe What is our King? A mere figure-head! A puppet! A man without a spine! The tool of favorites! *He* a King! Poh! He would show the white feather at the
15 least provocation. Is that not so?

Joan Yes, it is so.

Philippe Then, can you not see where we stand? France can never rise above her King's foolish deeds.

Joan France will rise! She *must* rise!

20 *Philippe* It is impossible. France is even now nothing but a province of England. Is it not so?

Joan Yes, it is too true.

Philippe French armies have won no victories. Our courage has been paralyzed since Agincourt. Two English
25 soldiers can put twenty French soldiers to flight.

Joan Alas! These things are too true. But France *will* rise again. She will yet trample England under her feet.

Philippe Joan, how can this be done, when we have no soldiers, no king?

5 *Joan* The king will yet be a king. He will be crowned.

Philippe This is past belief.

Joan The king will be crowned before two years shall have rolled by.

Philippe There are no Frenchmen who could bring this
10 about.

Joan There is God.

(Points to sky. Philippe walks away, as if to leave the stage. He looks back at Joan and conceals himself behind a tree. Joan seats herself under the Fairy Tree and looks off into space; then she rises, lifts her clasped hands high above her and speaks pleadingly.)

Joan Oh, can I, who am so young, leave my mother and go out to lead these wild soldiers to victory? I do not even know how to ride a horse—and the life in the camp, the rude-
15 ness, the danger. Oh, I cannot—yet if God commands it, I must go.

(Philippe approaches in great amazement)

Philippe Why Joan, I could not help but overhear you. Of what are you talking? To whom are you speaking? You acted as if you heard voices. Yet I saw no one here.
20 *(Looks all about.)*

Joan Sit down, Philippe, and I will tell you to whom I spoke. The saints come and speak to me. I hear their voices, although no one else does, and I call them my voices.

Philippe But of what do they talk to you?

25 *Joan* They talk of France and her troubles and of how

she is to be freed from them. They have told me of all the disasters that were to come to these French armies before they came. Now, they tell me how France is to be freed and made a great nation again. Philippe, they tell me that *I* am to be the leader of the French armies. *I* am to win back glory to France.

Philippe Incredible! Joan, you are dreaming, or your poor brain is turned. *You* lead armies! *You* win victories for France! My poor, poor girl!

10 *Joan* Yes, God has chosen me, the humblest of his creatures, to do this great work. I have fought against the command, but I must yield. I must go to Jean de Baudricourt, and he will give me soldiers who will escort me to the king. I know not when or how the victory is to be won, but
15 my voices have said that in one year from now the King will be crowned. God's will be done!

SCENE III

The Coronation

(The King enters with Joan by his side. They advance to the dais. The King is anointed with oil and presented with a crown upon a cushion. He places the crown upon his head and seats himself upon the dais. Courtiers stand about. Joan sinks upon her knees at his feet.)

Joan Now, O king, the crown of France is on the head of her rightful ruler. My work is done. Let me go home to my mother. She is poor and aged, and needs her Joan.

20 *King* Speak, Joan, what is it that you wish? Any request of yours shall be granted to the half of my kingdom.

Joan If it please you, my king, I would wish that the taxes of my poor Domrémy be remitted.

King They shall be so, noble maid of Orleans! And what else wouldst thou have?

Joan Nothing more my King.

King Surely, noble maid, who hast led our armies to
5 victory and restored France to her rightful place, there is something more that thou desirest. Speak, fair girl, and fear not.

Joan There is nothing else, my king.

King Joan, you have conquered great armies and placed
10 the crown on my brow, and now you demand naught but this one little boon. Be it so. From this day Domrémy is freed from all taxation as long as France is a nation. Noble girl! Forever shall these humble peasants of Domrémy bless
15 the name of the Maid of Orleans!

(The bugle sounds, and all leave the stage.)

NOTES

367: 10 *Jovial*. Joyous; merry.

368: 5 *Rife*. Great in number and quantity.

368: 9 *Agincourt*. A village in France. In 1415, it was the scene of a famous battle, where the English gained a victory over the French.

370: 12 *Jean de Baudricourt*. A French Marshal, who served successively under three kings of France — Charles VII, Louis XI, and Charles VIII.

371: 1 *Orleans*. The city in France where Joan of Arc compelled the Duke of Bedford to raise the siege held there by the English.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

"The Courtship of Miles Standish," a famous poem by Longfellow, is divided into nine cantos or chapters, each with its appropriate heading, and each marking a special phase in the development of the plot, which is, of course, the courtship of the valiant Captain of Plymouth.

Canto I introduces Miles Standish and John Alden: the one a sturdy, middle-aged soldier, bred in arms; the other a fair-haired youth, just grown into manhood. This canto also gives the reader a bit of Standish's biography, and brings in very deftly the name of Priscilla and the state of John Alden's feelings toward the owner of the name.

Canto II discloses the plan to which the Captain had been awkwardly trying to lead up for so long. The struggle between love and the duty owed to the name of friendship could not last long in the mind of a Puritan, and John Alden sets out on his strange errand with an aching heart.

Canto III introduces Priscilla, who is alone in the world, her father, mother and brother having died of the sickness. She receives her proposal-by-proxy with justifiable indignation, and shows very plainly to the reader (though John is a trifle slow to see it) that her affections are set on quite a different personage from the redoubtable Captain.

Canto IV is divided into two parts, the first of which is occupied with the mental struggle of John Alden, whose Puritan conscience chides him for betraying his friend and patron; his resolve to sail in the *Mayflower* on the morrow; and the bitter anger of Miles Standish when he learns the result of his ambassador's errand. In the latter part a messenger appears, summoning Standish to a Council met to discuss an Indian challenge.

Canto V, whose central thought is Alden's decision to stay at Plymouth for the sake of being near and protecting the orphaned Priscilla, is by far the most beautiful portion of the poem. First the little company of eight men, led by Standish and the Indian guide, marches slowly out of the village just in the gray of dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows; then all the Pilgrims gather on the shore to bid farewell to the *Mayflower*; we hear shouts and the songs of the happy sailors who are going home at last, and finally we see the *Mayflower* sailing slowly from the harbor.

Canto VI treats merely of the compact of friendship between John Alden and Priscilla.

Canto VII is the chapter that will appeal most strongly to the boys of the class; the three days' march through the dense forest, the Indian encampment, the parley, the boasts and insults of the Indian chiefs, the stealthy gathering of the ambush, the death of Pecksuot, the war-

whoop and the attack, and finally the victory of the little army and the rejoicing in Plymouth over the result of the first battle with the savages.

Canto VIII. Between this and the preceding Canto several months have elapsed, and the *Fortune*, a small merchant vessel, has arrived at Plymouth (November 9), bringing about thirty new emigrants, and cattle and corn for the Pilgrims. While everything in the little colony is peaceful, as it has not been before since the landing, news comes that Standish, who all this time has been away fighting the Indians, has been beguiled into an ambush and slain with a poisoned arrow. This throws the whole community into the direst terror, but accomplishes one good result, inasmuch as it brings to an end the long wooing of John Alden. His friend slain, Alden's conscience troubles him no longer; and he and Priscilla are betrothed at last.

Canto IX gives the happy ending of the story. Priscilla and Alden are married; and, just as the last words of the service are spoken, Miles Standish appears, alive and full of repentance for his anger against the now happy bridegroom. The narrative closes very quaintly and beautifully with an exquisite description of the bridal procession passing through the Plymouth woods.

ACT I

SCENE I

A room in the home of Miles Standish

(The room contains a book-case, table, gun and a sword.)

Standish Look at these warlike weapons. This is the sword of Damascus that I fought with in Flanders. This breast-plate once saved my life in a skirmish. You can see here the very dent of the bullet that was fired point blank at
5 my heart by a Spaniard. See how brightly these weapons shine! That is because I have burnished them myself. I have not left it to others. "Serve yourself, if you would be well served," is an excellent adage. I care for them and for my soldiers, my great invincible army of twelve men! See,
10 here they come, for their monthly pay, their eighteen pence and their bag of corn.

(Twelve soldiers, dressed in tatters, with guns in hand, file into the room, and each is addressed by name, as Standish

hands him his money and bag of corn, while John Alden keeps the record in a note-book.)

Standish Look, you can see from this window my brazen howitzer, high on the roof of the church. Let the Indians come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better. Alas! poor Rose lies buried beneath yonder fields of wheat; for we
5 must hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people lest they should count them and see how many already have perished.

(Standish takes book from book-case and sits reading.)

Standish Truly, this Cæsar was a wonderful man! You can write, and I can fight, but here was a man who was
10 equally skillful in writing and fighting.

Alden Yes, I have read that he could dictate seven letters at once, and write his memoirs at the same time.

Standish Indeed, Cæsar was a most wonderful man. He said he would rather be first in a little village than be
15 second in Rome; and I think he was right. He conquered a thousand cities and fought in five hundred battles. He believed if you wish a thing well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others.

(Standish arises and paces uneasily about the room.)

Standish When you have finished your work, John, I
20 have something important to tell you; but do not hurry, I can wait.

Alden (folding the last of his letters). Speak, now, my Captain, I am ready to hear you.

(Standish continues walking about and finally takes a drink of water and clears his throat.)

Standish John, since Rose Standish died, my life has been
25 weary and dreary, and, as I have seen the maiden Priscilla

(*John starts up from his chair*), as she has worked for the sick, so patiently and courageously through all these hard months, I have resolved to ask her to be my wife. Now, although I am brave enough in warfare, I am a coward in this matter, 5 and therefore, I am going to ask you to go to Priscilla for me and woo her in elegant language.

(*Alden moves about, greatly disturbed.*)

Alden But surely, you have just said Cæsar was right in declaring that if you would have a thing well done you must do it yourself. I should only mangle and mar such a message 10 as that.

Standish (taking Alden's hand) John, dear friend, I am not afraid of bullets, but I could not endure a "No" point-blank from the mouth of a woman. Surely, you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship?

15 *Alden* The name of friendship is sacred. What you demand in that name I have not the power to deny you.

(*Alden goes out followed by Standish.*)

SCENE II

The Home of Priscilla

(*Priscilla sings the hundredth psalm as she sits spinning. Alden enters with flowers in his hands.*)

Priscilla I knew it was you, John, when I heard your step in the passage. I was thinking of you as I sat here, singing and spinning.

(*Alden hands her the flowers.*)

20 *Priscilla* Thank you, John, I have been thinking all day of the hedge-rows of England. They must be in blossom now, and the country must be like a garden. I almost wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.

Alden I cannot blame you, Priscilla. Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. You need a stronger heart to lean upon. I have come to you with an offer of marriage from a good, true man — Miles Standish, 5 the Captain of Plymouth.

Priscilla (after a long silence) If Miles Standish is anxious to marry me, why does he not come himself to woo me?

Alden He has no time for such things. He is too busy.

Priscilla This is not right nor just. Surely a woman's 10 affection does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected. Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me, even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me, old and rough as he is, but now it can never happen.

15 *Alden* But, Priscilla, our Captain is brave, generous, honorable and noble. He is a gentleman born, and can trace his pedigree back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall. Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England, might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish.

20 *Priscilla (rising and saying laughingly as she moves towards the door)* "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

(Exit Priscilla, followed by John.)

SCENE III

The Home of Miles Standish

(The Captain seated, reading. John Alden enters, and Miles Standish greets him heartily.)

Miles Standish You have been long on your errand. The house is near, though the woods are between us. Sit down, and tell me all that has happened. *(They sit down.)*

25 *John Alden* You shall hear the story. I found Priscilla at her spinning. We spoke of the ship that sails to-morrow,

and Priscilla said she would fain return to England, she was so lonely and sad. Then I told her she needed a man's strength to lean upon, and straightway gave the offer of your heart and hand. But the maiden would rather the Captain
5 had come himself to woo than send his friend. Then I bade her remember how you defended 'us all. I told her of your long descent. I spoke of your valor, your gentleness, and how any woman in England might be proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish.

10 *Miles Standish (cheerily)* And what answered the maiden then?

John Alden (with downcast eyes) She reproached me for not pleading my own cause. These were her words: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

15 *Miles Standish (starting up, stamping his foot furiously)* John Alden, you have betrayed me — supplanted and betrayed me. You who lived under my roof, fed at my board and drank of my cup, whom I loved and cherished as a brother, to whose keeping I gave my honor and my dearest thoughts —
20 you too, Brutus! Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but hereafter, let there be only hatred and war between us! (*Standish walks about the room in his rage. A messenger enters hastily.*)

Messenger Will it please you come to the council? An
25 Indian brings a snake-skin filled with arrows for a challenge. The Elder is for peace, but most are for war.

Miles Standish (furiously) Are we making war with milk and water of roses? Have we planted our howitzer on the roof of the church to shoot squirrels? Take out the arrows,
30 and fill the skin with powder and bullets. That is my answer. (*He goes out with the messenger.*)

John Alden Am I a traitor to friendship? Is it my fault that she has chosen between us, and that I am the fortunate one? I pleaded his cause faithfully. I am no traitor be-
35 cause he failed. (*He pauses a moment.*) I will leave this

dreary land, the maiden I may not love, the friend I have offended. Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard, dead and forgotten, than living here in shame and dishonor. I will go back to England. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE IV

(*John Alden on his way to the Mayflower, he meets Priscilla, and he offers her his hand. She takes it, then passes out.*)

5 *John Alden* Here I remain! That white cloud floating above us seems like a hand beckoning over the ocean. Here is another hand holding me back, and clasping mine for protection. I will not heed the beckoning cloud. There is no land so sacred as that pressed by her footsteps, no air so pure
10 and sweet as the air she breathes. Here I will stay for her sake, ever about her like an invisible presence, protecting her weakness. Yes! My foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing, and by God's blessing it shall be the last at the leaving!

15 *Priscilla (returning, stands near him for a moment. As he turns to go, he sees her.)* Are you so much offended that you will not speak to me? Am I so much to blame because yesterday when you were pleading another's cause, my heart impulsively pleaded your own, forgetting, perhaps, decorum?
20 I am sure you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying what I should not have said. (*Pause.*) Yet it cannot be unsaid. There are moments in life when the heart is so full of emotion that it overflows at a word, and its secret, spilled like water on the ground, can never be gathered
25 again. Yesterday I could not bear it when I heard you speak of Miles Standish, praising him so warmly, making virtues of his very defects, praising his courage, his strength, his fighting, as if fighting alone could ever win a woman's heart. You forgot yourself and all the world besides, in praising your

hero. Then I spoke, by an impulse I could not resist. Will you not forgive me for the sake of the friendship between us? It is too true, too sacred, to be so easily broken.

John Alden I was not angry with you, but only with myself, for managing so badly the matter given to my keeping.

Priscilla I am sure you were angry with me for speaking too frankly. It was wrong, I know. It is a woman's fate to be silent, waiting patiently, till some questioning voice breaks the spell. Women's lives are like subterranean rivers,
10 sunless and deep, running through their narrow channels with profitless murmurs.

John Alden Heaven forbid it, Priscilla! To me they seem like the beautiful rivers in the garden of Eden, or like the Euphrates, flowing through the deserts of Havilah, filling
15 them with sweet memories of the garden.

Priscilla Ah, these words show how little you prize me, or care for what I say. When I speak frankly from the depths of my heart, in pain and misgiving, asking for sympathy and kindness, you turn my direct words to another
20 meaning, and answer me with flattering phrases. This is not right nor just, for I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature by its nobleness lifts mine to a higher level. And so I value your friendship, and am hurt when you hold me as one among many, when you speak to me in the flattering
25 words men use to women. They think to please us, but we scorn such empty phrases. Then let us be what we are, and speak truly and like friends. It is no secret that I tell you when I say I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you. Therefore I was hurt when you urged me to marry
30 your friend, even though he were the great Captain Miles Standish. For this is the truth, your friendship is much more to me than all the love he could give, if he were twice the hero you think him. (*She extends her hand to Alden, who takes it eagerly.*)

35 *John Alden (with much feeling)* Yes, we must ever be

friends, and of all your friends; let me be the first and truest, the nearest and dearest.

(They go out.)

ACT II

SCENE I

Priscilla's Cottage

(As Priscilla sits spinning, John Alden knocks at the door, enters; Priscilla rises to greet him, gives him her hand, smiling.)

John Alden You are busy, as always.

Priscilla Yes, the days grow shorter now, so I must work
5 while it is light. You are busy, too.

John Alden Men that build houses must finish them be-
times before the winter is upon us. *(Priscilla sits at her
wheel, spinning, and Alden sits and watches her a moment in
silence, then speaks again.)* Truly, Priscilla, when I see you
10 spinning so busily, never idle a moment, always thrifty and
helpful, suddenly you are transformed; you are not the Pris-
cilla I know, but Bertha, the Beautiful Spinner. *(The wheel
goes more and more swiftly, and the thread snaps. Alden
continues.)* I read her story at a stall, in the streets of South-
15 ampton. Ever as she rode on her palfrey, over meadow and
valley, she was spinning her thread from a distaff, which she
carried with her, fixed to the saddle. So thrifty and good
was she that her name passed into a proverb. So shall it be
with you; in time to come, mothers shall praise the good old
20 days, the days of Priscilla the spinner.

*Priscilla (rising; goes to table and takes from it a skein of
white yarn.)* Come, you must be busy too. If I am a
pattern for housewives, show yourself worthy of being a model
for husbands. Hold this skein for me, while I wind it, ready
25 for the knitting. Then hereafter, when fashions and manners

and all things have changed, perhaps fathers may tell their sons of the good old days of John Alden. *'She puts the skein of yarn on his hands, and stands in front of him, winding the yarn.'*)

(Messenger enters. Priscilla takes the skein from Alden's hands, and lays it with the ball on the table.)

5 *Messenger* Miles Standish is dead — killed with a poisoned arrow! All were killed. The Indians are coming to burn the town. The people will all be murdered! *(Goes out.)*

(Priscilla stands like a statue, her hands lifted in horror. John Alden starts up, and goes to her, taking her hands in his.)

John Alden Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!

SCENE II

Priscilla's Cottage

(Priscilla and John Alden stand together in the center. Friends gather, and the Magistrate and Elder take their places. The service proceeds, and its end, Miles Standish appears.)

10 *Miles Standish* Forgive me! I have been cruel and hard. But now it is ended, thank God! I have the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish — sensitive, swift in resenting an injury, but as swift in atoning for error. Never before so much as now was Miles Standish the friend
15 of John Alden.

John Alden Let all be forgotten, all, save the dear old friendship between us. That shall grow older and dearer.

Miles Standish (turning to Priscilla) I wish you joy of

your wedding, and I have only praise for your husband. I should have remembered the adage, "If you would be well served, you must serve yourself."

(Friends here gather about Miles Standish, questioning him on his adventures. They all go out together, leaving John Alden and Priscilla.)

John Alden My snow-white steer shall be covered with a
5 crimson cloth and a cushion placed for a saddle. You shall not walk through the dust and heat of the noonday. Nay, you shall ride like a queen.

(They go out smiling and talking.)

NOTES

373: 2 *Damascus*. The ancient capital of Syria, whose swords were famous the world over.

373: 2 *Flanders*. A former country or district of Europe, now included in the Netherlands, Belgium, and France. Miles Standish fought in the Netherlands during the revolt against Spanish rule.

373: 8 *Adage*. An old and wise saying.

374: 8 *Cæsar*. Julius Cæsar, a famous Roman general, statesman and orator.

377: 20 *Brutus*. A Roman general, who assassinated Cæsar. The latter is said to have exclaimed when he saw Brutus, "Thou too, Brutus!"

377: 28 *Howitzer*. A kind of cannon for firing small shells.

378: 19 *Decorum*. Propriety; politeness.

379: 9 *Subterranean*. Underground.

379: 14 *Euphrates*. One of the four rivers mentioned in the Bible, which flowed out of the Garden of Eden.

379: 14 *Havilah*. A land mentioned in the Bible, surrounded by the river Pishon.

380: 12 *Bertha*. The wife of Pepin the Little and mother of Charles the Great of France. She died in 783, and was long celebrated in legend and story.

PART III MEMORY GEMS

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

— *Bryant*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

— *Emerson*

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To purer air and broader view.

— *Holland*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

— *Pope*

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Beautiful thoughts that burn below;
Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like song of birds;
Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment, the whole day through.

— *Ellen P. Allerton*

Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of riches afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.

— *Punshon*

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a faithful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

— *H. Bonar*

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

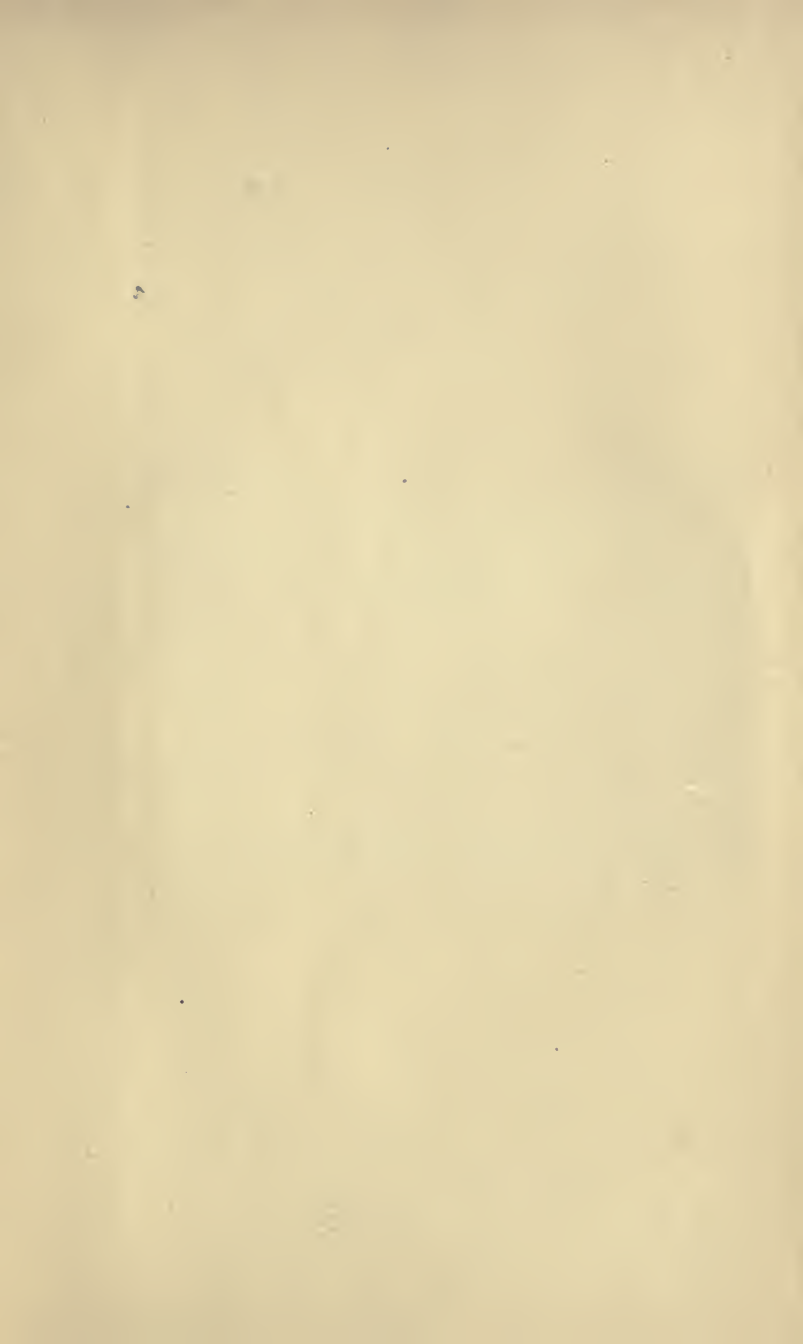
— *Longfellow*

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

— *Madeline S. Bridges*



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